Genius discovering the History of the Arts & Arms of Great Britain.

THE

MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL

MUSEUM:

OR, THE

BEAUTIES of all MAGAZINES selected.

CONTENTS.

I. An Account of the Wardens and Foundation of the Collegiate Church, in Manchester.

II. The Reader, No. I.

III. On Raillery and its Conſequences.

IV. View of the Vegetable Creation.

V. Moral Conſiderations.

VI. The Theatre, No. I.

VII. Variety of Articles ſelected from other Publications.

VIII. Poetry.

IX. Monthly Chronicle, for Manchester and Liverpool.

X. Ship News, &c. &c.

VOLUME I.

MANCHESTER:

PRINTED BY AND FOR T. JEFFERSON.

M DCC LXXIX.

THE

MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL

MUSEUM, &c.

An Account of the WARDENS of Chriſt's College Church, Mancheſter, ſince the Foundation in 1422, to the preſent Time, founded by THOMAS WEST, Lord DE-LA-WARE, Anno Domini 1422: Then conſiſting of one Maſter, or Keeper, eight Fellow Chaplains, four Clerks, and ſix Choriſters.

About the ſame Time was erected the preſent Church, as it now conſiſts of a ſtately Stone Building, having formerly been a very large Edifice, but of Wood; and now conſiſting of one Warden, four Fellows, two Chaplains, two Clerks, four Choriſters, and four Singing Men.

WARDENS ſince the FOUNDATION.

1422.

I. JOHN HUNTINGTON, batchelor *in Decretis* (of civil and canon law) and rector of the pariſh of Aſhton-under-line, was the firſt warden of the firſt foundation, named by the founder himſelf. He was a learned man, very devout, magnificent, and of a public ſpirit: He was warden near forty years, and had an opportunity of erecting a noble monument to his memory, being the firſt mover and contriver of that great work of erecting the ſtone church now in being; of which he built the choir part, and the iſles, as appears by his rebus (or name device) yet extant on the eaſt ſide of the middle arch, between the choir and the church, upon two carved pieces, one under the ſouth ſide end, the other under the north end of the traverſe beam: On the one being an huntſman with dogs, to expreſs the firſt two ſyllables of his name, *Hunting*. and on the other ſide a veſſel called a *tun*, or *ton*, which being joined makes Huntington. He departed this life, Nov. 11th, 1458, and was interred in the middle of the choir, juſt before the altar, with his effigies in braſs, in his prieſtly veſtments, with this inſcription about his tomb-ſtone, *Hic jacet* Johannes Huntington, *baculaureus in Decretis, primus magiſter ſive Cuſtos iſtius Collegii, qui de*

novo conſtruxit iſtam cancellam, qui obiit 11mo. *Novembris*, 1458. *Cujus animæ proprietur Deus.* Over his head in a bending label, is this ſuitable inſcription, *Domine dilexi decorem domus tuæ.* In his time the revenues of the College was reckoned to be 250 marks per annum; which was not ſo ſmall a pittance as it may at firſt ſight ſeem to be, ſince a mark in ſilver then, was equal to 40s. now; plate or bullion, being then but 20d. an ounce.

1459.

II. JOHN BOOTH, younger brother of Booth, of Barton, ſucceeded the firſt warden Huntington, 1459. Of whom we find little more than that he was ſo far intereſted in the quarrel between the two houſes of York and Lancaſter, that he was animadverted on by Edward the IV. fined by him, and for the ſame probably loſt his place, and was ſucceeded by

1465.

III. RALPH LANGLEY, rector of Preſtwich, one of the family of Edgecroft, who were then patrons of that rectory. He was made maſter, or keeper of the College, at the preſentation of Richard Halfield and Nicholas Stathome, (whom Richard Weſt, knight, Lord De-la-Ware, had made patrons for this time only) and admitted to the ſame, in 1465. He cauſed the bells and chimes to be made: and as he retained the rectorſhip with the College, ſo he left the latter to return to the other, and died there, and was buried in Preſtwich church, having reſigned the wardenſhip, July 27. A. D. 1481. to

1481.

IV. JAMES STANLEY, brother to the Earl of Derby, D. D. and archdeacon of Richmond, and biſhop of Ely; to which he was conſecrated, A. D. 1506, and died A. D. 1515. He was a bountiful benefactor to more places than one, having beſtowed on Jeſus College, in Cambridge, the impropriation of the rectory of Great Shelford, near Cambridge, of 400l. per ann. and the perpetual patronage of the vicarage; and of his noble benefactions to this church, he left more than one laſting monument, viz. The wood-work on the ſouth ſide of the choir, which was done at his coſt, and the ſtately chapel built by him on the north ſide of the choir, in which he lies interred. It ſhould ſeem that biſhop Stanley reſigned the wardenſhip ſometime before he died, ſince Robert Cliffe was maſter or keeper during his life. Probably he reſigned it not long after he was made biſhop of Ely, in 1506, Cliffe being warden in 1509.

1509.

V. ROBERT CLIFEE, batchelor *in Decretis*, was warden, or maſter of the College, to whom, and his fellows, the truſt of the ſchool, and the lands thereof were committed.

1518.

VI. GEORGE WEST, younger brother to the Lord De-la-Ware, ſucceeded him in 1518, and was maſter or keeper 17 years. He built the chapel at the eaſt end of the church, which belonged formerly

merly to Sir John Byron, of Clayton, and now to Mr. Chetham, in the right of that eſtate, which he purchaſed. It is remarkable, that of all the chapels built in this church, not one of them is in poſſeſſion of the heirs of the founder, ſave only that of Stanley's.

1535.

VII. GEORGE COLLIAR, brother to Colliar, of Colliar, near Stone, in Staffordſhire, was the next, who came in 1537, in the reign of King Henry VIII. but it ſeems was laid aſide when the College diſſolved in the time of Edward VI. but reſtored again when Queen Mary re-founded it, and made firſt maſter or keeper of that foundation.

1557.

VIII. LAURENCE VAUX (or VAUSE) B. D. and chaplain to James Brooks, biſhop of Glouceſter, who, with one John Coppage, were the only fellows nominated in the foundation of Philip and Mary, was upon the death of George Colliar, admitted, inſtituted, and inducted, *ad curam & regimen animarum*, in the office of maſter or keeper of St. Mary's College, in Mancheſter. He was devout, and zealous in his way, and an oppoſer of the reformation; on which account he was either turned out, or left his place in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and fled to Ireland, where he fell among thieves, who robbed him, and ſlew ſome of his fellow-travellers, but eſcaped himſelf to Lovaine, and became a monk of the order of St. Dennis. He writ a book, *De Ceremoniis Eccleſiæ*, and another called, *Brevis forma Confeſſionis*. He became ſchool-maſter of the Engliſh ſchool there. He writ alſo an *Engliſh Catechiſm*, or *Sum of Chriſtian Doctrine*, neceſſary for children, and ignorant people; which was then a bold attempt. After ſome time he returned again into his own native county of Lancaſhire, being born near Blackroad, and lived and died in the family of Standiſh, of Standiſh, to which he bequeathed his books, ſome of which are there yet to be ſeen; and the altar plate of this church, which it ſeems he carried along with him when turned out. He was a man well beloved, and much honoured by many in Mancheſter, eſpecially for his honeſty and generoſity, which made his memory more grateful, when compared with the temper and ill carriage of one that too ſoon followed him, and left ſhame and an ill name behind him, to the ſcandal of his memory, and the irretrievable loſs of all that come after him, viz. Thomas Herle, of whom we ſhall ſoon hear too much, as to this day we feel it to our grief.

1560.

IX. WILLIAM BIRCH, A. M. a younger brother of Birch, of Birch Hall, (who was ordained by biſhop Ridley the martyr, and whoſe licenſe to preach was ſigned by King Edward the VI's own hand) had a preſentation directed to the dean and chapter of York, and the keeper of the ſpiritualities there, the archbiſhoprick of York, and the biſhoprick of Cheſter, being then both vacant, that he ſhould be warden or keeper of the College, in the room of Lawrence Vaux; but whether he was admitted and inſtalled in the warden-

ſhip, does not appear; if ever he was actually poſſeſſed of it, he enjoyed it but a while, being (as is ſuppoſed) either preferred, or ſome other way diſpoſed of to make room for one who would not ſcruple to do, what a gentleman of principle and conſcience could not comply with; and which made him abdicate the place, rather than conſent to alienate the revenues, and ruin the foundation. He died at his parſonage-houſe at Stanhope, in the biſhoprick of Durham, 1572, and was in ſome ſort thruſt out, and ſucceeded by one who was more willing to comply with the deſigns of ſome that had an evil eye at the College revenues, viz.

1560.

X. THOMAS HERLE, a Corniſh man, chaplain to Queen Elizabeth, and by that honourable relation, one would judge a firm Proteſtant, which yet ſome were apt to ſuſpect, ſince he had changed it more than once, and that always for the ſafer ſide, being ſtill of the ſame religion with his prince, and ſo was thought to have an equal ſhare of religion and moral honeſty, but not too much of either.

It was a queſtion in law, whether the College had then a legal foundation and eſtabliſhment, being diſſolved by act of parliament under Edward VI. and though reſtored and refounded by Queen Mary, yet was ſaid to be ſuppreſt again by the act 1. Eliz. and if ſo, then the ſaid Thomas Herle, and the fellows that joined with him in leaſing out tithes, and college lands, for ſo long term of years, were not legally warden and fellows, and conſequently their act and grant illegal and invalid. Yet notwithſtanding all this, after the court had ſerved themſelves of theſe grants, whether legally made or not, they held good againſt the College, who were never able to recover many of them (and particularly ſeveral houſes and tenements in Deanſgate) till after many years and great expences in law: The leaſes made by the ſaid Herle and his fellows, being made for 99 years after two or three lives then in being: Or elſe for 99 years in ſuch ambiguous words as make it hard to know when the ſaid 99 years commence, or are to expire. Such was the leaſe of the tythes of Stretford, Trafford, and half Chorleton, made to Sir Edmund Trafford, of Trafford, wherein the ſaid tythes are granted firſt for 21 years; and then by a new *habendum*, for 21 years more; and ſo from 21 years to 21 years, to the term of 99 years; which was found to be a leaſe for 99 years after 21, and not then yielded up, till recovered by the preſent warden and fellows, with great charge and difficulty. But when the ſaid Herle had by ſuch ſiniſter dealings impoveriſhed the College, and made himſelf odious, he was juſtly forſaken of all, and proſecuted even by thoſe who ſerved their ends of him, and left to ſhift for himſelf even by his friends at court, who had now no further uſe of him; and the gentlemen and inhabitants of the town petitioning for a new foundation, both that they might ſave ſomething that was yet left of the old, and get rid of him that was ruining it, Queen Elizabeth, in the twentieth year of her reign, granted a new foundation, and laid

laid aſide her old chaplain, (who had a penſion of 20l. a year allowed him; little enough to ſubſiſt on, though more than deſerved) and put in

1578.

XI. JOHN WOLTON (or WOOLTON) B. D. born at Wigan in this county, a pious and ſkilful divine. He continued ſcarce two years in his wardenſhip and then was made biſhop of Exeter, where he ſat almoſt fourteen years. He lieth buried in the ſouth ſide of the Preſbytery, near the place where there is a monument erected to his memory by his eldeſt ſon. He was bred at Oxford, and in the reign of Queen Mary attended his uncle Alexander Noel in his flight beyond the ſeas. Returning into England he was made firſt canon reſidentiary, and after (1579) biſhop of Exeter; being an earneſt aſſerter of conformity, againſt the oppoſers thereof. He indited letters becoming the ſtrength of one in health, not two hours before his death, which happened March 13th, 1593.

1580.

XII. WILLIAM CHADDERTON, D. D. born at Notehurſt in this pariſh, firſt ſtudent, then fellow, and afterwards maſter of Queen's College, in Cambridge. He commenced D. D. 1567, was firſt choſen lady Margaret's, and then King's profeſſor in divinity; his countryman Dr. Whittacre ſucceeding him in the chair. He was made made biſhop of Cheſter, Nov. 9, 1579, and warden of Mancheſter 1580, his diſpenſation to hold the wardenſhip *in commendam* bearing date June 5, 1580, which wardenſhip he held till he was tranſlated to the biſhoprick of Lincoln, 1594. He departed this life in April, 1606. He was a learned man, liberal, and given to hoſpitality, and a more frequent preacher than other biſhops of his time. He reſided in Mancheſter, till the too frequent jarrings between his ſervants and the inhabitants of the town (occaſioned probably by pride and ſtiffneſs of one, or both parties) occaſioned him to remove his habitation to Cheſter.

1595.

XIII. JOHN DEE, A. M. was inſtalled warden, Feb. 20, 1595, with great ſolemnity, and in the preſence of all the church wardens, who were then uſually men of note, and beſt repute in the pariſh, viz.

Edm. Preſtwich, *Rich. Maſſey*, } Eſqrs. { *George Birch*, *Ralph Byrom*, *Ralph Houghton*, } *Gent.* { *Thomas Byrom*, *Henry Hardy*, *Richard Nugent.*

I write him only maſter of arts, to which he was admitted 1548, and was the higheſt degree he ever took, though commonly called and wrote, Dr. Dee; but was inſtalled warden by the name of John Dee, A. M. and ſo always called himſelf in the College regiſter.

A very learned man, and perfect maſter of the mathematical ſtudies, yet was addicted to ſome over-curious and uncertain arts, and thence got the repute of a conjurer, for which he often apologized for himſelf; yet was frequently inſulted, and diſquieted in his ſtudies, and had his library ſeized on, in which were 4000 books, and of them 700 MSS. He was ſeveral years beyond ſea,

at

at Louvain, Paris, Germany and Hungary; but recalled by Queen Elizabeth, who had a good opinion of him, and once desired to see his library, and his *Speculum Concavum*, with which she was wonderously satisfied, and sometimes sent him 100 marks to keep his Christmas with. Though he was called a conjurer, yet when he was warden, he sharply reproved one Hartley, a conjurer, for it. He was very sober, just, temperate in his carriage, and an observer of public and private devotions. He left the town 1604, and died 1608, aged 81 years.

After the death of Mr. Dee, William Bourn, B. D. one of the fellows of the College, being a man of learning, and well beloved in the town, and had also married a kinswoman of the Cecils, Lord Burleigh's family, who made interest for, and was in a fair likelihood of being made warden, and, 'tis said, had a grant for it, but was prevented by the prevalency of the Scotch party, which then grew potent at court, who possessed James with an opinion of his being too puritannically inclined (which indeed could not be denied) yet had so good an interest as to be partly compounded off, having a parcel of tythes of about 30l. per ann. given him by lease for three lives; and so prevailed for a countryman of their own, viz.

1608.

XIV. Richard Murray, D. D. rector of Stopford, and dean of St. Buriens, in Cornwall. He had also some civil honours descending to him by inheritance from his Scottish ancestors; and being himself also one of honourable descent, that, with his preferment, made him ambitious of more respect in his place, than any one before, or after him, have expected; requiring the fellows, chaplains, singing-men, and choristers, to attend him from his house to the church, with the verge before him, and several others waiting on him. He thought it not enough that his place gave him precedence as the best man in the parish, but seemed so tenacious of it, as to grudge it to his betters and superiors; which made him demand the warden's stall from the bishop of Chester, when sat in it, according to custom, saying, "My lord, that seat belongs to the warden:" And because he would not sit below the bishop, he removed into the body of the church; but in the afternoon came time enough and so kept the bishop out of it. He lived at Manchester in great state, and kept suitable hospitality. But when he was abroad, especially on the road, he forgot not the North British frugality; seldom lying at the best inn, and rarely at the same two journeys together. He was said to be competently learned, but was never taken for a conjurer, as his predecessor was. But which way soever his parts lay, his talent was not for preaching, for he exercised his gift that way but twice while at Manchester. Once upon Gen. i. 1. *In the beginning*, &c. the other on Rev. xxii. 20. *Come, Lord Jesus*, &c. and so it was said of him, that he preached from one end of the Bible to the other; and since he was so shy of his preaching, 'tis probable he was not very good at it; especially if it be true what is told of his preaching before King James, his

text

text being Rom. i. 16. *I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ*; that when he came to kiss the king's hand, according to custom, the king said, "Mon, thou art not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, but by G—d the gospel of Christ may be ashamed of thee."

In his time the choir part of the church grew very ruinous, and the roof was so crazy as to be in danger of falling; but which way to repair, or re-edify the same, he was least solicitous, who should have been most concerned. The revenues of the College were much impaired, by being leased out by him; and the fellowships, and other places either kept void, or very ill paid; so that in a great measure he hook'd most of the revenues to himself, tho' he had the least right to any part that ever any warden had, having purposely abstained from taking the oath required by the statutes to allow for his absence, without which he could not be entitled to any of the revenues. This occasioned great murmurings, and general complaints against him, and at last a representation of the case, and a petition to King Charles I. who referred it to the examination and consideration of archbishop Laud, Lord Coventry, Keeper of the Great Seal and the Earl of Manchester, Lord Privy Seal, afterwards committed it to the examination of the commissioners in causes ecclesiastical, which were John Lord Bishop of Chester, Dr. Parr, Bishop of the Isle of Man, and others who sat at Manchester, and after having summoned the said Rich. Murray to answer personally for himself, not only removed him from his place, but pronounced him to have been no warden from the first, and that the College had either a weak foundation, or none at all, as is affirmed also in the preface to the charter of the last foundation by King Charles, A. D. 1636. by which charter was named, for the first warden of that foundation:

1636.

XV. RICHARD HEYRICK, B. D. descended from an antient family of the Heyricks of Beaumannor, in Leicestershire, and educated at All Souls College, in Oxford, of which he was fellow.

The first thing that the warden and fellows of this foundation had to do, was to repair the ruinous part of the choir, which they did, by renewing all their leases, and giving the fines wholly to that use, whereby the middle part, with both side-isles, were new roofed, battled, and adorned with pinnacles, Anno Dom. 1638.

But they enjoyed it not long, the great rebellion soon after breaking out, the College was dissolved, the members turned out, the revenues sequestred, the Chapter-house and chest broke open, and their writings seized and carried away by Col. Birch of Birch-Hall, a near neighbour and parishioner. However, the warden complying with the prevailing side, was permitted to stay there as preacher to the town, with a salary of 100l. per ann. and continued till the return of King Charles, in 1660, when he was again restored to the wardenship, and kept in by the power and interest of the Earl of Manchester, then Lord Chamberlain; and at last died

warden

warden, Ann. Dom. 1667, and was buried near the altar, with an inſcription in braſs on the north-ſide the choir, and is there to be ſeen.

1667.

XVI. NICHOLAS STRATFORD, B. D. fellow of Trinity College, Oxon, but afterwards D. D. and dean of St. Aſaph, prebendary of Lincoln, and had a good donative at Llanrooſt in Wales. He reſigned the wardenſhip at Candlemas, 1683-4, and went to be preacher at Aldermanbury, in London; where he continued till after the Revolution, when, in the year 1689, he was by King William and Queen Mary, promoted to the See of Cheſter. A learned and very good man; a frequent preacher, both when warden and biſhop; zealous in the pulpit, and exemplary out of it; "a workman that needed not to be aſhamed:" Of a meek and mild temper, affable and courteous to all, but eſpecially tender of and kind to his clergy, whom he treated as brethren, and if he had occaſion to rebuke, he did it "in the ſpirit of meekneſs." His charity was conſpicuous, out of a compaſſionate heart, and with a liberal hand. He was faithful to his truſt, and very true to, and zealous for the intereſt of the church, to the conviction of gain-ſayers, and the encouragement of thoſe that trod in his ſteps. He ſucceeded one that wanted thoſe qualifications, which made him more acceptable and endeared to his dioceſs, wherein he has left a name that will be mentioned with reſpect and honour.

1984.

XVII. RICHARD WROE, born at Ratcliffe, in Lancaſhire, Aug. 21, 1641, admitted in Jeſus College in Cambridge, June, 1658, A. B. 1661, admitted fellow of that College July 21, 1662, M. A. 1665, (the year of the great plague) B. D. June 11, 1672, D. D. 1686, prebend of Cheſter, March 15, 1678, fellow of Mancheſter, March 9, 1674-5, warden of Mancheſter, May, 1, 1684. Died at Mancheſter, Jan. 1, 1717-8. He was a gentleman that gave ſuch early and continued proofs of his great and extenſive genius, that King Charles II. made him warden of Chriſt's College in Mancheſter. His happy talent of preaching in the pulpit gave him the diſtinguiſhed character of "ſilver-tongued Wroe." He was an exemplary pattern of morality and piety, and an eminent preacher. He was univerſally beloved when living, and at his death as much lamented by all that knew him.

1717.

XVIII. SAMUEL PEPLOE, vicar of Preſton, in Lancaſhire, was made warden by his majeſty King George I. to ſucceed Richard Wroe, in 1717-8; and afterwards was promoted to the See of Cheſter, vacant by the death of biſhop Gaſtrell, in 1725. After being biſhop of Cheſter 27 years, he died Ann. Domini 1752.

1738.

XIX. SAMUEL PEPLOE, LLB. chancellor of Cheſter, archdeacon of Richmond, prebend of Cheſter, rector of Northen and Taxall, was made warden of Mancheſter, in 1738, by his father, then biſhop of Cheſter. A learned, honeſt, worthy and pious good man; much reſpected by all the clergy, gentlemen and others.

The

The READER. Number I.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sine me, vacuum tempus ne quod dem
Mihi laboris. Ter. Heaut.

Let me endeavour to employ every hour of my life uſefully,

VOLUNTARY abſtraction of mind is one of the moſt agreeable faculties we can poſſeſs in ſeveral ſituations and circumſtances of human life. To aſſert the independency of intellect, to maintain its power, and employ it uſefully amidſt the numberleſs inconveniences to which we are liable, is certainly a proof of wiſdom, and an art which not only renders us capable of making uſeful obſervations in the world, but accompanies us in the cloſet, and chears and improves the hours of ſolitude. The exerciſe of the mind is requiſite for the right employment of it; and thoſe habits of thinking which influence our conduct, are generally acquired by converſing with ourſelves: that portion of time which we muſt neceſſarily paſs alone, inſtead of being irkſome and tedious, may be rendered improving and pleaſant, if we can regulate the mind in ſuch a manner, as to lift it above accidental circumſtances, and diveſt ourſelves in ſome meaſure of thoſe paſſions and prejudices, falſe hopes and fears, deſires and imaginary wants, which ſo frequently diſturb us.

We muſt not ſuffer our minds to contract the gloom of the ſeaſons, or ſink into peeviſhneſs and deſpondency becauſe the ſky is clouded.—On the contrary, a man ought thus to reaſon with himſelf—the inclemency of the air indeed debars me from purſuing my uſual employments; I am ſhut up as it were from the common intercourſe of ſociety; but if I cannot act as I would, let me think as I ought: The duties of life muſt never be ſuſpended; if I cannot practice thoſe duties abroad, there are others to be practiſed at home.—I muſt keep pace with time, which preſerves a conſtant invariable motion, and is perpetually ſlipping away with ſilent celerity. Inſtead of complaining of the natural viciſſitudes of the ſeaſon, I will turn thoſe very inconveniencies to my advantage; and how this may be done is obvious from theſe conſiderations:

The powers of the mind are beſt exerted when leaſt influenced by external motives; our faculties no longer ranging in boundleſs diſſipation, but confined at home and con centrated to any one point, will be enabled to make deeper reſearches in ſciences, more accurate obſervations in any particular branch we profeſs, and guard us againſt the miſchiefs of idleneſs, that capital enemy of the mind.—In order to fill up the vacuities of employment, or obviate the inconveniencies of confinement, we may unlock the ſtores of ancient learning, bring heroes and philoſophers to our company, and by abſtracting our thoughts from ſcenes where at preſent we cannot act, exert them with double force in ſtudies eſſentially uſeful to promote our general plan of life.—It is not neceſſary to confine our ſtudies as well as our time merely to one purſuit, and to chain down the mind along with the body to one ſpot.—Variety of exerciſe is requiſite for the healthful ſtate of both—Celſus, in laying down general rules of health, expreſſes himſelf very elegantly;—*Sanus homo, qui et bene valet, et ſuæ ſponte eſt, nullis obligare ſe legibus debet: ac neque medico neque iatroalipta egere,*

egere, hunc oportet varium habere vitæ genus : modo ruri esse, modo in urbe, sæpiusque in agro navigare, venari, quiescere interdum, sed frequenter se exercere. Siquidem ignavia corpus hebetat, labor firmat ; illa maturam senectutem, hic longam adolescentiam reddit. Such were the sentiments of this great physician, for regulating the corporeal frame, and the same observations may be made analogous to the mind.—Variety of employment is necessary to exercise the activity of its powers, which might otherwise be sunk in a gloomy quiescence, or evaporated in vague and useless ideas. The great difficulty consists in being able to regulate our thoughts by the dictates of our will, so as to fill up the pauses of the action, and the hours of solitude, in a manner consistent with rational faculties.—Though this happy talent can never be effectually acquired, yet it may in part be obtained—and to obtain it in part is to perform a great task worthy of a wise man ; so dangerous is our own company, and so difficult it is to keep the mind steady and employed on some useful subject.—If all its various powers could be collected and reduced to the absolute dominion of the will, and suppose that will to be the result of right reason, such united force would conquer all opposition, the intricacies of science, the strong holds of wisdom, and the eminencies of merit would be subdued with much less difficulty, than by detached parties, irregular and interrupted attempts.—Our intentions may be right, our resolution and our efforts strenuous, and our schemes laudable, yet all these fail, or at least but very slowly execute our purpose, merely for want of the power of confining our thought, and watching our own weaknesses.—For these, like scouting Indians, are perpetually harrassing us, and by surprize, often disconcert the best regular planned project. Every man's experience tells him how little power at some seasons the will has over the understanding ; he may sit down with a cool determination to employ a leisure hour usefully, and may be very sensible of the value of time, and well qualified to fill up the period with proper reflections ; yet, in spite of all these advantages, he will often find his thoughts rambling from him : ideas will rise and vanish, will float and fluctuate in his mind like the waves of the ocean succeeding each other, and disappear imperceptably without answering any material purpose. In vain does he endeavour to rally his scattered powers, and range them under the banner of his reason : in vain does he seek assistance from the great masters of antient wisdom : He varies his situation, he rises and walks about, then takes down from the shelf some favourite author, in hopes to fix his attention on particular sentences fraught with herudition and harmony ; but the most masterly arguments, the most elegant language, and the most pleasing numbers, have in this hour of fascination lost their usual effect : His uneasiness increases his embarrassment, and the efforts of his mind become more and more feeble.—This uncomfortable situation puts me in mind of that fine similie in Virgil,

Ac velut in somnis oculos ubi languida pressit,
Nocte quies, nequicquam avidos extendere cursus
Velle videmur ; et in mediis conatibus ægri
Succidimus : non lingua valet, non corpore notæ
Sufficiunt vires, nec vox nec verba sequuntur. Æn. xii.

And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight
The sickly fancy labours in the night:
We seem to run, and destitute of force ;
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course :
In vain we heave for breath, in vain we cry :
The nerves unbrac'd, their usual strength deny,
And on the tongue the falt'ring accents die. DRYDEN.

By

By what means ſhall we rouſe ourſelves from this torpid of ſenſibility? How ſhall we eſcape this *vis inertiae*, which benumbs and abſorbs our faculties?—Shall we fly from ourſelves and ſeek refuge in company? Shall reaſon deſert her ſeat, and give up the government of the mind to chance? We all know how apt we are on the ſlighteſt pretences to avoid the toil of thinking, and inſtead of endeavouring to regulate our ideas by an exertion of our own powers, we truſt to the vain and pernicious aid of trifling amuſements and trifling converſation. By ſuch wretched expedients do we waſte that time which our own imbecility renders a burthen: Deſtitute of true fortitude, we forſake ourſelves in thoſe hours of danger, when abſtraction from ſociety, and vacuity of employment, give opportunity for vice to make incurſions, and for idleneſs to ſap the mind. In oppoſition to this, we ought to conſider that no man can be long alone, without becoming either better or worſe for it; a ſtate of neutrality in this reſpect is incompatible with human nature, always progreſſive: We cannot exclude thoughts; bad as well as good will often preſent themſelves indiſcriminately, though to reaſon is left the power of ſelection.—But unleſs we exert that power, how ſhall we chooſe the good? If the mind is ſuffered to ſink into languor and laſſitude at that very criſis when vigour and vigilance are neceſſary, it is no wonder that vicious habits gain ground and become ſtronger from non-reſiſtance.—Let us ſuppoſe an abſolute neutrality of mind, and reflect what muſt be the conſequence of it: Will virtue ſeek us ſpontaneouſly? Will ſhe intrude upon us? Will ſhe ſhake us from the ſlumber of ſlothfulneſs, and erect her throne in our hearts, without any preparation in ourſelves to receive her? If ſo, how abſurdly do thoſe philoſophers waſte their time, who complain of the difficulty, pain, and labour, requiſite for the attainment of virtue.—But ſurely this illuſtrious gueſt does not make her viſits ſo cheap; or if ſhe does, then what merit is there in poſſeſſing her? Vain pretentions! for virtue is an active quality, attainable only by a diligent and proper uſe of our reaſon.—Let us view the queſtion in another light, and then we may have juſt grounds to obſerve, that in a neutral ſtate of mind, vice has her ſpies, her emiſſaries; her enticements perpetually employed againſt us.—She is paſſive, ſhe is nouriſhed by indolence. She ſooths us on the downy couch, and takes the opportunity of corrupting our hearts, while that dangerous opiate operates on our minds. The great difference then conſiſts in this, that indolence incapacitates us from acquiring virtue, but renders us extremely liable to be ſubdued by vice; and hence ariſes the neceſſity of employing all our vigilance and all our efforts to guard againſt it, and ſecure ourſelves from danger by fortifying our weakeſt part.

It may be obſerved that few men are vitiated by employment. In the exerciſe of our reſpective taſks and profeſſions in life, we are incited by ſtrong and prevalent motives to acquit ourſelves uſefully: Our intereſt, our reputation, our wants and our pride all concur to make us exert our talents to the beſt advantage. And to do juſtice to human nature, let me add another incentive more noble and generous, the deſire of doing good, and of promoting the end of ſociety from a love of virtue. Employed in thoſe purſuits from whence reſult private advantage and public utility, we are armed and ſecured againſt the attacks of vice, and are happy in that ſecret ſatisfaction which a conſciouſneſs of performing our duty will always afford.—This principle of reaſoning is not confined merely to thoſe active duties which call us abroad, but extend to thoſe ſtudies, more ſilent and retired, which prepare us for the better execution of the former. Hence it is that we owe ſo much to thoſe great men whoſe works ſtill con-

tribute to do good, now their bodies are mixed with common clay, and their active influence is no more. How much, for instance, are we inbebted to you, O Cicero! elegant philosopher! you who possessed the art of inculcating the most useful precept in the most beautiful language; you whose masterly stile, whose easy yet nervous expression, adds power to the strongest arguments, and gives pleasure while it carries the force of conviction! While reading your works, I fancy myself transported to the times and the scenes you describe.—I see you in the awful senate of Rome deliver those admired orations which confound the wicked Cataline, checked the daring ambitious spirit of Antony, and melted the great and the humane Cæsar! or, thoughtful in your closet, see you composing those excellent moral rules for the use of your son, where the wisdom of the philosopher is mixed with the tenderness of the parent: Or sitting down familiar with Scipio and Lælius, explaining the duties and describing the blessings of friendship, that amiable virtue, the companion of our joys, and the solace of our sorrows:—Or with Cato Major, venerable old man! teaching us to bear our infirmities with patience, beguiling the pains incident to our nature, and agreeably amusing us with thoughts and expedients to cheer our mind in this transitory system. Engaged in contemplations like these, I hear without pain the howl of the tempest, which confines me at home, I feel not the dullness of solitude, nor incur the dangers of idleness.

[The author of this paper being desirous to promote, (as much as his time and abilities will admit of,) the entertainment and instruction of his fellow creatures, requests the correspondence and assistance of those who approve of his sentiments.]

For the MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL MUSEUM.

If the following Essay is worthy of a place in your Repository, by inserting it you will oblige you humble servant, R. J.

I AM heartily tired of roaming and wish to settle for life. For the times, I am called a good young man, and have therefore been introduced to several ladies upon the look-out, but, unfortunately, none have proved satisfactory to me. Some time ago, a good old lady assured me I should find in Miss Dorothy Lump, whom she should invite expressly for my sake, a woman that could not fail to make a man happy. Miss entered the room with a dull solemnity, ill-becoming the brow of youth and innocence. I sat silent till my discerning friend had, she was convinced, shewn enough of her favourite's merit to captivate a reasonable man; enough surely! for in probation it appeared she seldom left the mansion of her ancestors, had been *educated* to the height of housewifry; never read plays or novels, and had improved to admiration a receipt for making apple-dumplings. It was whispered to me, she would have 7000l. Notwithstanding all these qualifications, so insatiable are some men, I put several questions to her that led to argument, but I found that domestic *felicity* was her particular turn, our fire-side reasonings must never o'erleap the cutting out of shirts, pickling cucumbers, or the cruel necessity of drowning young kittens when one is overstocked. This kind of matrimony may be called mental murder, for it is marrying the body, and burying the mind. This danger I had no sooner escaped, than a Miss Witwould

spread

ſpread her ſnare for my heart. She deſides upon poetry, hiſtory, wit, manners, morals, what not? with a volubiliy and conſidence, yet pretended reſerve, that confounds the ignorant, and amazes indeed their very faculties of eyes and ears. A bluſh is vulgarity, an aukwardneſs perdition, affectation deteſtable, vanity ridiculous, which laſt maxim being certainly true, I ſhall paſs this lady with a ſmile, and come to the refined Maria. Her tender heart melted at a tale of love, a ſecond lover melts her o'er again, and ſo often has ſhe been melted, that every particle of droſs muſt certainly be melted away or the Devil's in it. But I am of too warm a temperament for ſuch melting beauties; the heat of my paſſion would evaporate all the ſpirit of love, and leave nothing but an inanimate and inſupportable languor. Nor has Miſs Kitty Shriek been more ſucceſsful. The poor girl has undergone many terrific adventures upon my account, has walked through a field with cows in it, gone under a ladder, ſat in a coach from Ranelagh, without pinching me above a dozen times, or inſiſting upon getting out among the carriages for ſecurity above ſix; walked with very little trembling over Weſtminſter-Bridge, and actually ſeen a ſpider upon her apron without fainting, becauſe ſhe knew I ſhould think it affectation, though ſhe proteſted ſhe never could think it was in her power to get over her apprehenſions in ſuch dangerous ſituations. I muſt here obſerve, that many elderly ladies practice theſe terrors with a truly laughable effect. Miſs Sellwell (I was told) declared ſhe would have me if ſhe found Sir John Hairdrive, who keeps a pair more than your humble ſervant, had no ſerious intentions in his 'Squirelike gallantries; but I ſcorn the woman who is to be purchaſed by the riches of the univerſe. Love (not to prophane the deity) is omnipotent, and, with all my imperfections on my head, till I can find a woman who prefers me to every thing in the world beſides, and who has reaſon enough to laugh at the troubleſome and vexatious vanities of the multitude, I will remain as common ſenſe directs, unmarried. But if I ſhould be the fortunate poſſeſſor of ſuch a prize, ſhe will find me intirely ſenſible of the ineſtimable value of my acquiſition.

For the MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL MUSEUM.

A Remarkable Inſtance of Congugal Affection in a Lady who died a few Weeks ſince at Hamerſmith, near London.

MRS. Roſs, the lady above mentioned, celebrated for her beauty and conſtancy, having met with oppoſition in her engagement with Captain Charles Roſs, ſhe followed him in men's cloaths, to America; where, after a reſearch and fatigue as ſcarce any of her ſex could have undergone, ſhe found him in the woods, lying for dead, after a ſkirmiſh with the Indians, and with a poiſoned wound; when, having previouſly ſtudied ſurgery in England, ſhe, with an ardour and vigilance which only ſuch a paſſion could inſpire, ſaved his life by ſucking his wound, the only expedient that could have effected it at the criſis he was in, and nurſing him with ſcarce a covering from the ſky for the ſpace of ſix weeks; during which time ſhe remained unſuſpected by him, having dyed her ſkin with lime and bark; and keeping to a man's habit, ſtill ſupported by the tranſport of hearing his unceaſing aſpirations of love and regret for that dear

dear (though he then thought) diſtant object of his ſoul; being charged by him with tranſmiting to her (had the Captain died) his remains and dying aſſeverations of conſtancy and gratitude for the unparalleled care and tenderneſs of his nurſe, the bearer of them; but, recovering, they removed into Philadelphia, where, as ſoon as ſhe had found a clergyman to join him to her forever, ſhe appeared as herſelf, the prieſt accompanying her. They lived for the ſpace of four years in a fondneſs almoſt ideal to the preſent age of corruption, and that could be only interrupted by her declining health, the fatigue ſhe had undergone, and the poiſon not properly expelled which ſhe had imbibed from his wound undermining her conſtitution. The knowledge he had of it, and piercing regret of having been the occaſion, affecting him ſtill more ſenſibly, he died with a broken heart laſt ſpring, at St. John's town.—She lived to return, and implore forgiveneſs of her family, whom ſhe had ſo long diſtreſſed by the ignorance of her deſtiny. She died, in conſequence of her grief and affection, in June laſt, at the age of 26.

For the MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL MUSEUM.

On RAILLERY and its Conſequences.

There is a ſort of ſmile,
Which worſe than anger does revile. COWLEY.

THERE is nothing requires a greater delicacy of ſentiment and expreſſion, than what we call *Raillery*, and a perſon muſt be very polite indeed, who knows how to practiſe it, ſo as not to give offence.

The difference between ridicule and raillery is ſo very ſmall, that the one is often miſtaken for the other. The latter, therefore, ought never to be attempted, but by people of fine taſte, nor played off, but on thoſe equally qualified to return it; and, as it has alſo ſome diſtant affinity with ſatire, ſhould never have matters of too ſerious a nature for its ſubject. What expoſes any thing we wiſh to have concealed, though it may be done with an air of pleaſantry, leaves a ſting behind it which is not eaſily forgiven, and will be taken for ridicule, whether meant for ſuch or not.

As ſo few, therefore, are capable of giving or receiving it in a proper manner, and ſo many precautions are neceſſary to be taken concerning it, it would be well if the humour were entirely baniſhed out of converſation.

I know it is generally looked upon as an agreeable method of exciting and ſhewing wit; and, for that reaſon, all who either have, or imagine they have, a talent that way, are extremely fond of exerting it. There is a proverb greatly uſed by the vulgar, which is, "ſuch a-one would rather loſe his friend than his jeſt;" and I am afraid too many, indeed, are of that mind; but how conſonant ſuch a diſpoſition is, either with prudence or good manners, I leave the more reaſonable part of the world to determine.

To be merry ourſelves, or make ſport with others, on the errors or miſtakes of our friend or companion, is certainly very unkind; but, if our jeſt is on the defects or infirmities of his perſon, it is cruel to the laſt degree; and, if on his misfortunes, monſtrouſly ungenerous and baſe: Yet theſe are the topics which ſome, who would fain be reckoned wits, make choice of for the entertainment of the company they are in; who, perhaps,

perhaps, are diverted at the expence of one who has it not in his power to return the inſult, though he is ſenſibly affected with it.

I allow, indeed, that where a ſelect company are met, where all are of the ſame way of thinking, all harmony, vivacity, good ſenſe, and good humour, a round of wit, played off from one to another, will very agreeably paſs away an hour, and be a delightful relaxation from more ſerious avocations. But I need not ſay how difficult ſuch a company is to be found among ourſelves; we have the authority of one of the ancient poets to aſſure us of this truth; and Mr. Dryden alſo tells us, in one of his excellent poems,

'Tis a mere madneſs to expect to find,
In diff'rent men, one and the ſelf-ſame mind.

How, indeed, ſhould we imagine we can find that unanimity with any other perſon which we cannot refrain within ourſelves? as Dr. Garth juſtly expreſſes this inequality of the human heart:

Mankind one day, ſerene and free appear;
The next, they're ſullen, cloudy, and ſevere;
New paſſions new opinions ſtill excite,
And what they like at noon, deſpiſe at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with eaſe,
And health, for want of change, grows a diſeaſe.
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are ſlaves to ſuperſtitious fear;
They counſel others, but themſelves deceive,
And, tho' they're cozened ſtill, they ſtill believe.

To the EDITOR of the MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL MUSEUM.

SIR,

If the following view of the VEGETABLE CREATION *is worthy a place in your Magazine, by inſerting it you will much oblige*

An Admirer of the Works of Nature.

WAS a man introduced into the world at once with all the powers and faculties of his ſoul in full vigour and perfection, how would he be aſtoniſhed in ſurveying the magnificent things before him; the earth, the air, the ſea, the azure vault of Heaven, the almoſt infinite variety of plants and animals, the glorious regent of the day bountifully diſpenſing the light and heat to all around, the ſilver Queen of night, and all the hoſt of Heaven paſſing nightly in review before him! But how would his admiration riſe, could he be made acquainted with the diſcoveries of the teleſcope, microſcope and priſm?—But the microſcope alone is eſſential to the ſubject in queſtion.—By the aſſiſtance of this inſtrument we may diſcover the greateſt beauties in the ſmalleſt ſeed, but particularly the acorn, which diſplays a foreſt in miniature.—View but the meaneſt flowers in the field, and compare them with ſilks of the moſt exquiſite workmanſhip, how coarſe are the latter in compariſon! how groſs is the workmanſhip! what a multitude of herbs, trees, fruits and flowers does the earth bring forth! how delightfully various in their kinds! ſo that we are never ſatisfied with ſeeing

ing or taſting them.—How exquiſitely delicious are ſome, how lovelily beautiful are others, how infinitely uſeful all! how amazing it is that the earth ſhould produce ſo many kinds quite different from each other, both in ſhape, colour, and properties! how finely variegated is the tulip! what a fine yellow, and what a moſt delicate ſmell has the cowſlip! what painter can equal the bluſhing roſe? What perfume can equal the ſmell? Has art invented ſuch lively, and at the ſame time ſuch delicate hues? If we were to examine the wiſdom of God in the compoſition of a flower, we ſhould think it was to laſt forever; but before the evening it fades, the next day is whithered by the ſun and periſhed.

To the EDITOR of the MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL MUSEUM.

SIR,

Your Magazine being intended for a Repoſitory of Pieces, whoſe Tendency is to improve the mind, I flatter myſelf, that the following Moral Conſiderations will be honoured with a place, which will extremely oblige your well-wiſher.

THE higheſt point of human underſtanding is to be acquainted with our own weakneſs, vanity, and miſery: All other parts of knowledge, and improvements of reaſon, though attained with great labour, are made uſe of not ſo much to ſatisfy our wants, as to ſet off ourſelves to the world; ſo that, with reſpect to theſe improvements, a man may be eſteemed a vain-glorious, rather than a rational creature. It is only through vanity that any one can ſuppoſe himſelf free from pride, which aſſumes all appearances to deceive, even thoſe of religion and virtue, and particularly of humility; which conſiſts in putting on that ſubmiſſion, by which we hope to make others ſubmit to us. It is an artificial ſort of pride, which debaſes itſelf with a deſign to be exalted. Nay, vanity will more eaſily prevail upon us, than reaſon, to deny ourſelves. Sometimes it makes us diſcontented with our fortunes, but never diſſatisfied with our wit.

To live in the opinion of others is a fantaſtical ſort of life, which all deſire more or leſs; and, ſince pride has ſo great a force in all our actions, it may well deſerve ſome ſhare in our conſiderations: Let it therefore be conſidered, that,

1. An honeſt haughtineſs of mind, which ſcorns to ſtoop below the dignity of human nature, is the ſpring of honeſt and honourable undertakings; rewards and puniſhments being only the crutches, which men have found out to ſupport virtue, where this noble temper of mind is wanting.

2. Duke Rochefoucault's notion is of a lower ſtrain, viz. That ſelf-love, rightly applied, is the fountain of all moral virtues; but, when inordinate and ill-applied, of all vices. "Prudence, (ſays he,) is only a wiſe and quick-ſighted ſelf-love; juſtice a wiſe, quick, and intimate fear of loſing our own, which makes us tender of our neighbours properties: Without this men would be making incurſions upon one another."

3. It is the over-value of ourſelves, which makes us ſo deſirous of pleaſures, and cauſes us to look upon all calamities as oppreſſions. From hence proceed murmurings, complaints, and impotence of mind: So that we

feel

feel our ill fortune in proportion to our ſelf-love; which, when thus inordinate, ſo overlooks the intereſt of others, as to loſe the advantages which might reſult from an exchange of mutual kindneſſes. Hence it is, that the eſtimate we make of other men's worth depends wholly on the manner of their converſing with us; and that we cannot bear thoſe who differ from us in opinion; which is the ſource of all perſecution. From hence it is, that we think our own virtues to be ſingular and ſuperlative, and our own faults but minute ſlips, common to all men. This would make men tyrants over others, if they had ſufficient power. Nothing is ſo violent in its deſires, ingenious in its deſigns, and vigorous in execution; nothing more ſtiff or pliant, as occaſion ſerves. It blinds us to ourſelves, but quickens our ſight of others. Nothing is ſo ſtrong as its ties; it keeps its loftineſs in the vileſt drudgeries. When it ſeems to forſake pleaſures, it only changes them, and can take delight in mortification. It indemnifies itſelf always one way or other, and loſes nothing in ſelf-denial.

4. But, when pride has appeared in all its ſhapes, as if tired with its own diſguiſe, at laſt it breaks out into inſolence; and then it renders a man truly miſerable, being never ſatisfied and at eaſe, but always in danger; having given many provocations, and being always either envied or hated.

5. It is from our own pride that we cannot bear the pride of others; that few pleaſe us, and that we pleaſe but few; it diſpoſes us to condemn the faults of others, from which we think ourſelves free, and to undervalue the good qualities of others, which we ourſelves have not; and yet ſelf-conceit is, to ſome men a bleſſing, as it keeps them from the troubleſome view of their own imperfections.

6. The ſame pride, which makes us deſpiſe the poor, makes us too ſubmiſſive to the wealthy; for it is grounded only upon the overvalue of riches: But a true value of merit makes us deſpiſe the vicious, and highly eſteem the virtuous.

7. Pride, when it deviates into inſolence, defeats its own deſigns: Covetouſneſs often gets an eſtate, ambition gains honour; but pride always brings contempt.

8. He, who is vexed at a reproach, may thereby know that he would be proud, if he were commended.

9. We are apt to think and ſpeak ill of others, not ſo much out of malice as pride.

10. Pride upon the account of preferment ſhews that it is not deſerved; for he, who values himſelf upon his outward character, acknowledges thereby, that he wants intrinſic worth. But the greateſt men are valued more for their abilities, than for their fortunes; and, if virtue were eſteemed above all things, no favour nor advancement would change men in their temper.

11. Some proud men are humbled by the preferment of perſons greatly below themſelves; but, when great men ſuffer themſelves to be dejected by misfortunes, we may conclude, that it was not the greatneſs of their ſouls, but of their pride, which before ſupported their ſpirits; ſo that, vanity and pride excepted, a hero is not different from another man.

12. Nothing better ſhews the little value which God puts upon riches, preferments, and worldly advantages, than his indifferent diſpenſation of them, and the unworthineſs of thoſe who generally poſſeſs them.

13. He, who is aſhamed of a mean condition, will be proud of a ſplendid one. Whilſt men ſeek power over others, they loſe it over themſelves; and nothing can juſtify our aſpiring after it, but a ſincere deſire of uſing

it for the good of ſociety. To hunt after eſteem is to do that for noiſe, which ought to be done for virtue; it is to be enchanted with a ſhadow, and to diſregard the ſubſtance; and, after all our pains, no man can be truly great, who depends on the multitude for his reputation.

14. Beſides, we ſhould often bluſh for our beſt actions, if we ſaw all the motives upon which they were grounded.

15. We are not to truſt the judgment of others concerning ourſelves; for they, who judge a man, have ſomething elſe to do than to examine him, but judge moſtly by outward appearance: and the vulgar value actions, not by their excellence, but by their uncommonneſs.

16. The tranquillity of indolence is a powerful charm, that ſuppreſſes our moſt vigorous purſuits, and controuls our peremptory reſolutions. It is a remora that can ſtop the largeſt ſhip. It ſits paramount over all our deſigns, and inſenſibly lays waſte all our virtues and vices.

17. It is idleneſs which induces men to be guilty of bad actions: but whatſoever art is able to buſy the minds of men with a conſtant courſe of innocent labour, will certainly have its effect in compoſing and purifying their thoughts, ſurer than all the precepts of the moraliſts.

18. It is only through pride, that ſome diſpleaſe with merit, when others are agreeable with failings.

19. It is a baſe and ungenerous pride to leſſen another man's fame; and grounded on a miſtake, that another man's loſs is an addition to our own reputation.

20. Under what diſguiſe ſoever, we conceal our afflictions, they generally proceed but either from vanity or intereſt. Pleaſure indeed brings trouble; but pleaſures are uſed more to ſatisfy our vanity than our appetite.

21. Never cenſure a man for not attaining his end; for the higheſt degree of prudence cannot inſure the moſt inconſiderable event. Many proceedings alſo, which look ridiculous, are well grounded upon ſecret though ſolid reaſons.

22. Pride deſtroys a man's reputation, which is a very great loſs; for a man's power is always proportionable to his reputation.

23. There can be no arguing with an obſtinate man; for, when he has once contradicted you, all conviction is excluded from his mind. None but manly ſouls can acknowledge themſelves miſtaken, and forſake an error, when they find themſelves in the wrong.

24. There is an anger which reſults from a warm complexion; and there is an anger which flows from the rage and fierceneſs of pride.

25. Religious pride brings ladies to devotion, when they are growing into years: It cauſes alſo impoſition and perſecution for the glory of God, that is, for our own exaltation.

26. All men are naturally good, when no reſpect of profit or pleaſure draws them to evil: For this reaſon, law-givers eſtabliſhed rewards to invite them to virtue, and puniſhments to deter them from evil.

27. We ſhould not meaſure men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after; for devotion does not neceſſarily make men virtuous.

28. Contradiction ſhould awaken our attention, not our paſſion:

29. It is a common practice of pride to villify the perſon we have wronged; thinking thereby to excuſe the wrong, we have done, by multiplying the guilt of the injured perſon.

30. We are more ſolicitous to be truly rich, than to be thought ſo; but we are leſs careleſs to be truly virtuous, than to appear ſo.

Selected from the different MAGAZINES.

From the TOWN and COUNTRY Mag.

THE THEATRE, No. I.

MR. Colman has taken great pains this ſeaſon to entertain the town with new productions. On the firſt of July was repreſented at the theatre in the Haymarket, a muſical piece entitled, the Summer's Amuſement: or, an Adventure at Margate.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Etiquette, - - -	Mr. Edwin.
Shuffle, - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Spruce, - - -	Mr. Lamaſh.
Surat, - - -	Mr. Banniſter.
Sir James Juniper, - -	Mr. Parſons.
Cathartic, - - -	Mr. Baddeley.
Crab, - - -	Mr. Jackſon.
Melville, - - -	Mr. Wood.
Sir Dilberrry, - -	Mr. Painter.
Lady Juniper, - -	Mrs. Webb.
Amelia, - - -	Miſs Harper.
Fidget, - - -	Miſs Hale.

The plot of this piece is as follows. Sir James Juniper, a city merchant, was at Tunbridge, accompanied by his wife and daughter, where they made an acquaintance with the nominal Lord Random, but who was in reality a ſharper and a highwayman; he nevertheleſs found means to inſinuate himſelf into my lady's good graces, ſo as to obtain her conſent to marry Miſs Juniper. From Tunbridge they repair to Margate, where they are repreſented upon their arrival. Here Random meets with a quondam acquaintance, who is a chief hair-dreſſer at the place, and is employed by the mother and daughter. They recount many of their paſt adventures, and Random informs the frieſeur with his deſign upon Miſs Juniper, and requeſts the aſſiſtance of Spruce in the execution of his plan. The family of the Junipers ſoon after make their appearance, accompanied by Mr. Surat, an Eaſt India Captain, who pays his addreſſes to the young lady. Sir James Juniper is a thorough bred merchant; that is, he thinks chiefly of the main chance, is an enemy to parade, and has an averſion to nobility. His lady is his perfect contraſt; her head is bewildered with what ſhe calls *poloteſſe* and *etiquettte*, and is amazingly fond of the *ton* and the French tongue. Accordingly, Sir James will not liſten to a match between

his daughter and Lord Random, but ſtrenuouſly recommends Capt. Surat, as a man of conſiderable property, who had ſeen the world. All this while Miſs Juniper's heart is not inclined to either of theſe ſuitors—The Juliet of the piece is enraptured with a Norwich Romeo: In other words, a young ſpouter, who had appeared upon that ſtage as the Mantuan ſwain, had made ſo great on impreſſion on her, that nothing could efface it.

To ſpeak of the dialogue: it conſiſts chiefly of counting-houſe phraſes, and tortured French from Lady Juniper; when at length two characters are introduced under the names of Mr. Cathartic, a very garulous in the profeſſion of ſurgery, and Mr. Etiquette, maſter of the ceremonies. Though theſe may be ſtiled epiſodic perſonages, they admit of ſome laughable circumſtances, and whimſical effects.

Lord Random finds it expedient to bring matters to an iſſue, as his finances will not hold out much longer; and with this view he conſults his friend ſpruce. He accordingly ſends a letter to the Captain, in which he promiſes if Surat will give up his pretenſions to Miſs Juniper, to pay him one third of her fortune, after marriage with his Lordſhip. This propoſal is diſcloſed to Sir James, and by him to my Lady; but ſhe conſiders it as an impoſition, and will not ſuppoſe that a Peer could be guilty of ſo mean an action. But the Captain reſolving to attend Random's appointment, Sir James and her Ladyſhip are requeſted to accompany him. The rendezvous was in the open fields, where Sir James and his Lady conceal themſelves behind a hay-ſtack. In this interview, the pretended Lord abuſes Juniper and his wife in very groſs terms, inſomuch, that her Ladyſhip's wrath is ſo far kindled, as to come forth and upbraid him with his perfidy. His Lordſhip turns it off in a joke, and pretends to laugh at his own conceit, which had ſucceeded ſo well; when her Ladyſhip is made to believe, that this is among other frolicks of *la nobleſſe*: She ſeems to be aſhamed of not being in this polite ſecret, and in order to apologize for her ignorance, becomes a greater ſtickler than ever for Lord Random.

At this criſis, the young lady learns that her Romeo is arrived, and ſhe is ready to fly upon the pinions of love to him: She, however, warbles a ſoft ſonnet, to get rid of the firſt emotions this intelligence created. But ſhe ſoon meets her ſwain, and it is reſolved between them to make an elopement that very night. Spruce overhears this determination, and communicates it to Lady Juniper, who accordingly takes proper ſteps to prevent the execution of it; and they are ſtopt at the very critical moment of their departure. A *denouement* now enſues, Romeo proves to be the nephew of Captain Surat. On this diſcovery, the Captain reſigns all his pretenſions to the young lady, and even intercedes for his nephew, which ſtep produces a general reconciliation in the family, and the young couple's hands are joined agreeable to their mutual wiſhes. In the interim, Spruce is taken up for a highway robbery, and his Lordſhip being driven to his laſt guinea, takes the liberty of borrowing the ſurgeon's purſe, having nothing leſs than a five hundred pounds

pounds bank note about him: with this booty he abſconds, and is heard of no more.

The critics are divided in their opinions of this piece, which is the joint production of Meſſrs. Andrews and Miles. Their friends diſcover more beauties in it than the impartial auditor can trace: whilſt the ill-tempered Cynic, who is reſolved not to be pleaſed, pronounces it has no merit.—The middle walk ſhould with candour be purſued; and though many defects might be traced, there are many ſituations that are ſtriking and riſible, and ſome parts of the dialogue breathes the true *vis comica*. The characters were, in general, well ſuſtained; and the ſcenery was pictureſque and happily executed.

Curious Particulars relating to the Execution of Biſhop RIDLEY.

THE day of execution being come, Biſhop Ridley firſt appeared, dreſſed in a handſome black gown, furred, faced with points, ſuch as he uſed to wear in his epiſcopal character. As he paſſed toward Bocardo, he looked up to the chamber where the Archbiſhop lay, in hopes of ſeeing him at the window, and ſpeaking to him. But Cranmer was engaged in debate with a friar. Ridley then looked back, to ſee if his brother Latimer were coming, whom he ſpied haſting after him in a Briſtol frieze frock, all worn, with his cap buttoned, an handkerchief on his head, and a new long ſhroud hanging down to his feet, all ready for the fire. "O, be you there," ſaid Ridley. "Yes," returns Latimer, "have after as faſt as I can follow." Ridley, arrived firſt at the ſtake, earneſtly lifted up his hands and eyes to Heaven, till he ſaw ſhortly after Latimer arrive at the ſpot; upon which, with a moſt cheerful countenance, he ran to him, embraced and kiſſed him, and comforted him, ſaying, "Be of good heart brother, for God will either aſſuage the fury of the flames, or elſe ſtrengthen us to abide it." Then moving to the ſtake, and kiſſing it, prayed earneſtly, as did Latimer likewiſe. They afterwards conferred together a little while. Dr. Smith was appointed to preach before them, and when the ſermon was finiſhed, Ridley requeſted of the principal perſons preſent, that he might be permitted to ſpeak two or three words: But he was rudely refuſed, and told, that he muſt not have liberty to ſpeak, unleſs he would revoke his erroneous opinions—"Not otherwiſe," ſaid he, "No," returned Dr. Marſhall; "therefore, if you will not do ſo, then there is no remedy, but you muſt ſuffer for your deſerts." "Well," replied the noble martyr, "ſo long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Chriſt, and his known truth. God's will be done in me." Immediately, they were commanded to make them ready, which they with all meekneſs obeyed. The doctor, being ſtripped to his ſhirt and truſs, and ſtanding at the ſtake, lifting up his hands, prayed thus, "O heavenly father, I give unto thee moſt hearty thanks, for that thou called

called me to be a profeſſor of thee, even unto death: I beſeech thee, Lord God, take mercy upon the realm of England, and deliver the ſame from all her enemies."—The ſmith took an iron chain, and brought it round the middle of both the martyrs, and as he was driving in the ſtaple, Dr. Ridley ſkook the chain, and ſaid to the ſmith, "Good fellow knock it in hard, for the fleſh will have its courſe."—And now his brother brought him ſome gunpowder in a bag, and would have tied it about his neck. The Biſhop aſked what it was; and being informed, ſaid, "I take it to be ſent of God, and therefore I willl receive it as ſent of him; and have you any for my brother Latimer?" And being anſwered in the affirmative, he bade him give to him in time, leſt it ſhould be too late, which was done accordingly.

Then Dr. Ridley ſaid to Lord Williams, "My Lord, I muſt be a ſuitor to your Lordſhip in the behalf of divers poor men, and eſpecially in the cauſe of my poor ſiſter; I have made a ſupplication to the Queen's majeſty, in their behalf. I beſeech your Lordſhip, for Chriſt's ſake, to be a mean to her grace for them. My brother here hath the ſupplication, and will reſort to your Lordſhip to ſatisfy you thereof. There is nothing in all the world that troubleth my conſcience, I praiſe God, this only excepted. Whilſt I was in the See of London, divers poor men took leaſes of me, and agreed with me for them. Now I hear ſay, the Biſhop, who now occupieth the ſame room, will not allow my grants unto them made; but contrary to all law and conſcience, hath taken from them my livings, and will not ſuffer them to enjoy the ſame. I beſeech you, my Lord, be a mean for them. You ſhall do a good deed, and God will reward you.

We ſhall ſeldom meet an inſtance, except in the great Exemplar, whoſe ſteps our bleſſed martyr followed, of one, who, in the very article of death, was ſo regardleſs of his own ſufferings, and ſo recollected, and ſolicitous for the good and happineſs of others.

Then they brought a faggot kindled, and laid it at Dr. Ridley's feet; to whom Latimer ſaid, "Be of good comfort, maſter Ridley, and play the man. We ſhall this day, light ſuch a candle, by God's grace in England, as I truſt ſhall never be put out."—The fire being given to them, when Ridley ſaw it flaming up towards him, he cried out with an exceeding loud voice, "Into thy hands, O God, I commend my ſpirit: O Lord receive my ſpirit."—Latimer on the other ſide, as earneſtly praying, "O father of Heaven receive my ſoul;" and he received the flame as it were embracing it. After he had ſtroked his face with his hand, he ſoon died, to all appearance with little or no pain. But, on the other ſide, the fire was ſo ill managed, by piling too great a quantity of faggots over the furzes, that the fire firſt burned beneath, being kept down by the wood; which, when Dr. Ridley felt, he deſired them for Chriſt's ſake, to let the fire come to him. His brother, hearing his earneſt requeſt, but not underſtanding well the reaſon of it, with an ill-adviſed kindneſs, to rid him of his pain, heaped more faggots upon him, quite covering him with them; which made the

the fire, mouldering beneath, ſo intenſe, that it burned all his nether parts before it once touched the upper. This made him leap up and down under the faggots, and often deſire them to let the fire come to him, ſaying, "I cannot burn." Which, indeed, appeared too true; for after his legs were conſumed, he ſhewed that ſide toward the ſpectators, clean, ſhirt and all, untouched with flame. Yet in all this torment he forgot not to call upon God, having ſtill in his mouth, "Lord have mercy upon me," adding ſtill between whiles, "let the fire come to me, I cannot burn." Thus he continued, crying out, without relief, till one of the ſtanders by, with his bill, pulled off the faggots above; and where the tortured martyr ſaw the fire flame up, he wreſted himſelf on that ſide. And when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was ſeen to ſtir no more; but burned on the other ſide; and either from the chain looſing, or by the overpoiſe of his body, after his legs were conſumed, fell over the chain, down at Latimer's feet.

Thus died the glory of the Engliſh reformation! nor did he die in vain. The fruit of his prayers for this realm we now enjoy; and as his conſtant ſufferings drew tears from moſt eyes, and will probably have the ſame effect from any humane reader, ſo doubtleſs, by the grace of God, they wrought in the hearts of many, a perſuaſion of the truth to which both theſe prelates bore ſo noble a teſtimony.

From the WESMINSTER Mag.

DIALOGUES of the LIVING.

DIALOGUE I.

A TETE A TETE BETWEEN TWO MODERN WIVES.

Mrs. CUTWELL, Mrs. FISHER.

Mrs. *F.* GOOD morrow, my dear CUTWELL! How came I to be ſo lucky as to find you at home, when all the world is abroad?

Mrs. *C.* For the beſt reaſon in the world; becauſe it is not in my power to ſtir out.

Mrs. *F.* Not in your power, my dear! Are you lame, or confined upon any particular occaſion?

Mrs. *C.* No; the occaſion is not very particular; at leaſt, it is not ſo to *me*. The truth is, FISHER, I was to have been out both morning and afternoon; but I have nothing fit to put on.

Mrs. *F.* Why, you are very ſmart, I think.

Mrs. *C.* Smart! Do you call this trolloping gown with all the colours waſhed out of it, and theſe faded ribbands ſmart?

Mrs. *F.* Well, but theſe things are eaſily repaired; you can ſoon have another gown made, and a new ſet of ribbans, my dear; though

though really, without ſcrutinizing too cloſely into your dreſs, I think you make, all togerther, a faſhionable appearance.

Mrs. *C.* I always endeavour to make my things as faſhionable as I can; but being always abroad, or with company at home, I find it monſtrouſly expenſive to be, what is called, fit to be ſeen. You are very ſenſible that the faſhion changes ſo faſt, it is almoſt impoſſible to keep pace with it. If you beſpeak a new hat or cap in the mornining, it is obſolete before night; they, therefore, who have ſmall fortunes and ſcanty incomes, find it difficult to make matters do; and I am ſure no woman upon earth can be a better manager than I am, for I turn and torture my cloaths ten thouſand ways, and yet you ſee I am at a loſs ſometimes. It really requires a good head, FISHER, as well as a good fortune, to make a decent variety in dreſs. One had, actually, better be quite ſhabby, than be ſeen at the ſame place twice in the ſame things.

Mrs. *F.* There's ſomething in what you ſay; to be ſure novelty has charms; and yet I think if one varies only a part of the dreſs, and gives the whole a new air, it may do.

Mrs. *C.* Yes; but to vary perpetually is expenſive; and Mr. CUTWELL requires ſo much money for his own pleaſures, that there is little to ſpare for mine. Beſides, do you conſider the ſums which are neceſſary to provide for children and ſervants? I have ſeven of the former, you know; and I aſſure you I have hitherto kept them on water gruel and potatoes. By this way of dieting them, I ſave all apothecaries bills, as they enjoy the moſt perfect health. With regard to my ſervants, though I offer to give them handſome wages, I always contrive to quarrel with them upon ſome pretence or other before their time is up, that I may not pay them the full amount.

Mrs. *F.* Well, this has, certainly, the appearance of great œconomy.

Mrs. *C.* But all won't do, you ſee; the boys muſt be put to ſchool, Mr. CUTWELL ſays, and the girls grow taller and taller every day. I am ſure I have been teazed theſe two years to let Marianne turn up her hair, but I have kept it down hitherto, or I ſhould have been at a pretty expence in cuſhions, hair-pins, &c. &c. Beſides, ſuch monſtrous great girls make people facny one is old; though I declare I was married when I was quite a child myſelf: And there is Patty has ſuch a full boſom, though younger than her ſiſter, that the men actually begin to take notice of her, even when I am in the way; ſo that it will coſt me I know not how much to cover her up.

Mrs. *F.* To be ſure, girls are vaſtly inconvenient in a family. I always wiſh for boys; one can much ſooner get rid of them. Indeed, my dear, I have often looked upon you with the greateſt compaſſion, in the midſt of your five daughters.

Mrs. *C.* You are vaſtly kind, my dear FISHER, for girls are great plagues: But ſuppoſing we could keep them from putting their mothers out of countenance, the dreſſing them in ever ſo ordinary manner calls for money which would procure *me* a thouſand

pretty

pretty things; ſo that I am actually obliged to go without the mere neceſſary changes of dreſs, as you ſee I cannot make it do.

Mrs. *F.* Well; but if I were in your place, I would think of ſome new ways of raiſing ſupplies.—The miniſtry, you ſee, though ſuppoſed to be very hard puſhed, have found out new modes of raiſing money for the ſervice of the current year, as they call it; and ſhall we women, with our prolific brains, ſuffer a ſet of bungling men to out ſcheme us?

Mrs. *C.* I have thought of every thing, I am ſure.—The Premier himſelf has not thrown the nation under greater contributions than I have Mr. CUTWELL and his whole family. I have come upon him ſo many times for an increaſed allowance, under pretence of the additional dearneſs of proviſions, &c. &c. that he begins to ſuſpect my impoſing upon him; and if I do not take care, he will grow ſo *knowing*, as to take the reins of government into his own hands; ſuch a proceeding would ruin me at once.

Mrs. *F.* Aye, you muſt take care of ſuch a revolution! There lies your only danger. When a huſband begins to *find out* his wife, or only thinks he does, and determines to take the management of affairs into his own hands, 'tis all over with her. Such a *reformation* in a family will prove as deſtructive to the *head* of it, as the retrenchment of all ſuperfluous expences, will be to the intereſt of thoſe who raiſe fortunes by plundering the people. Œconomy, my dear, therefore——Œconomy is the only thing that can ſave you.

Mrs. *C.* I hear that word ſo often repeated by Mr. CUTWELL, that I am quite ſick of the ſound of it; and ſo, if you pleaſe, I will take a walk with you, and try to think upon a more agreeable ſubject.

Mrs. *F.* With all my heart—I am ſure this is a very dull one for a WOMAN OF SPIRIT. So come along my dear.

[*Exeunt Arm in Arm.*]

From the GENTLEMAN's Mag.

A Method to make Potatoe Bread without the Admixture of Flour, by M. Parmentier, *Member of the College of Pharmacy, Royal Cenſor, &c. of the Royal Printing Office at* Paris.

Of the STARCH.

THE potatoes muſt be well waſhed; they muſt be ground fine with the aſſiſtance of a tin raſp; they are thereby converted into a liquid paſte, which muſt be diluted in water, and well agitated, in order to empty it into a ſieve placed over a proper veſſel. The water paſſes with the ſtarch of the potatoes; this ſtarch muſt be well waſhed in ſeveral waters; it is to be divided into ſmall pieces, and expoſed to the air, in order to dry it: It is of a moſt exquiſite whiteneſs. The ſubſtance which remains in the ſieve is the moſt fibrous part; it muſt be dried after all the moiſture is preſſed out of it; it may be uſed in the compoſition of brown bread, or may be given in that ſtate to poultry.

Remarks.—One pound of potatoes contains three ounces of ſtarch, two ounces of fibrous ſubſtance and extractive matter, and eleven ounces of vegetative water. Theſe ſubſtances vary according to the nature of the ſoil and the ſpecies of the potatoe. It is to clear this root from the ſuperabundance of water which it contains, and to ſeparate the ſtarch from the other ſubſtances, which conſtitute the potatoe, that the foregoing proceſs is put in practice. You may, in lieu of a raſp, which renders the operation tedious, ſubſtitute a broad wheel with double parallel ſpokes, upon the ſame axis or axletree, ſhod with plate iron, ſtamped with holes, inſtead of bands of iron, or any other inſtrument; becauſe neceſſity and practice will ſoon clear up that point.

The ſtarch extracted from potatoes has this advantage; that it may be kept for many years without the leaſt alteration, and will ſtill ſubſiſt without corruption, or untouched in a frozen potatoe, even when animals will not eat it.

Of the P U L P.

Put the potatoes in boiling water; when they are boiled enough, caſt away the water, and peel them; and, with the aſſiſtance of a wooden roller, reduce them into a paſte, which, by grinding, grows ſtiff and elaſtic. When there are no more clots or lumps in the whole maſs, then the pulp is in perfection.

Remarks.—The parts which conſtitute the potatoe are in its natural ſtate divided; after boiling, theſe parts are ſo united as to be but one homogeneous maſs. The ſtarch, the fibrous ſubſtance which floated, as one may ſay, in the vegetative water, are in it diſſolved.

It is from this very ſimple operation that the whole fabrication of potatoe bread depends; without it, no panification: Moreover, the potatoe muſt neceſſarily be in that ſtate when we intend to mix it with any other grain, ſuch as buck-wheat, barley, or oats: Under any other form, its union with theſe ſorts of grain will make, at beſt, but a coarſe bread.

Of the B R E A D.

Take five pounds of dried ſtarch, and five pounds of the pulp; diſſolve a ſuitable quantity of leaven or yeaſt in warm water the eve or night before. The mixture being exactly made, let it lie all night in the kneading trough, well covered and kept warm until the next day; this is the ſecond leaven; then add five pounds more of ſtarch, and the ſame quantity of pulp, and knead it well. The water muſt be in proportion as a fifth part, that is to ſay, that upon twenty pounds of paſte there muſt be five pounds of the water. You muſt obſerve that the water be uſed as hot as poſſible.

The paſte being completely kneaded, it muſt be divided into ſmall loaves: This bread requires ſlow preparation, and the oven muſt be equally and moderately heated: It will require two hours baking.

The ſalt with which they ſeaſon the bread in ſome provinces is alſo neceſſary for this: The quantity depends on the taſte; but half a drachm ſeems to be ſufficient.

The following Anecdote not being generally known, though the late Duke of Bedford *frequently mentioned it to his Friends, may be acceptable to your Readers. Your's, &c.* CRITO.

HIS Grace's great grandmother, wife to the fifth Earl of Bedford, and mother to the excellent Lord Ruſſel, died before her huſband was advanced to the dukedom. The manner of her death was remarkable. She was very accompliſhed, in mind as well as perſon, though ſhe was the daughter of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerſet, by the diſſolute Counteſs of Eſſex. But the guilt of her parents, and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, had been induſtriouſly concealed from her, ſo that all ſhe knew was their conjugal infelicity, and their living latterly in the ſame houſe without ever meeting. Coming one day into her Lord's ſtudy, her mind oppreſſed and weakened by the death of Lord Ruſſel, the Earl being ſuddenly called away, her eye, as it is ſuppoſed, was ſuddenly caught by a thin folio, which was lettered, "Trial of the Earl and Counteſs of Somerſet." She took it down, and, turning over the leaves, was ſtruck to the heart by the guilt and conviction of her parents. She fell back and was found by her huſband dead in that poſture, with the book lying open before her.

From the LADY's Mag.

REMARKS on QUACKS.

I Think it is diſgraceful to our country that ſuch a number of quacks, or empiricks ſhould be permitted to enrich themſelves, by vending and diſtributing their noſtrums among his Majeſty's ſubjects, throughout every part of the Britiſh dominions. Thouſands, valuable members of the community, are annually deſtroyed by relying on the efficacy of thoſe medicines, which are ſet off in the news-papers with a pompous advertiſement, are declared to be, moſt of them, *panaceas*, and will cure, according to the proprietors, every diſorder, incident to the human frame.

What abſurdity! Is it poſſible that any medicine ſhould be ſo contrived, ſo compounded, as to be a ſpecific for ſo many, and ſo different kinds of diſeaſes? Is it poſſible for a medical mixture (be the ingredients ever ſo numerous) to adapt itſelf to acute and chronical diſorders, and to all the formidable train of diſeaſes which attack the body of man? or can a remedy which, in general, is efficacious in the dropſy, be equally proper in the gout and rheumatiſm, in a fever, conſumption, &c? Can, I ſay, ſuch medicines as are particularly appropriated to one complaint only, be adminiſtered with any hopes of ſucceſs not to one only, but to all?—And yet how often are theſe myſterious, all-powerful, and wonderfully-operating *panaceas*, obtruded on the public, and warranted by the baſe authors of ſuch impoſitions, to be an infalliable cure for ſuch diſorders, equally as oppoſite in their kinds, their cauſes, and their natures, as theſe mentioned above? Only perſons, however, of weak and ſuperficial underſtandings, will be ſo fooliſhly credulous as to believe ſuch impoſſibilities: And thoſe, I hope, who haye any value for their health or conſtitution, will take care not to be impoſed upon by theſe impious wretches, whoſe only motive is intereſt, and who will with audacity ſtab and aſſaſſinate their fellow creatures in the dark.

Is it not ſurpriſing to conſider that many of theſe ſtrolling wretches, who murder with impunity, have obtained the King's Royal Patent for an excluſive right of deſtroying the human ſpecies?

There are many in London, (with the deepeſt concern for my fellow creature I ſay it) authoriſed by patent to ſell their noſtrums, who have been bred porters, or to the meaneſt and moſt ſervile trades and employments; but if they can ſcrape together the ſum of ſeventy pounds to pay the fees of office, a patent is granted of courſe; by the aſſiſtance of which, and a pompous publication, which frequently the patentee himſelf cannot underſtand, their poiſon is circulated with expedition over his Majeſty's three kingdoms.

Not only the metropolis, but the country alſo abounds with theſe medical impoſtors; and here being under little apprehenſion of examination, the moſt worthleſs and abject fellows, with impunity, impoſe on the public, and vend their baleful compoſitions without a patent.—It is ſhocking to think how many of our fellow creatures have loſt their lives by taking their noſtrums! the author of theſe remarks has more than once been an eye-witneſs of the dreadful conſequences of the fatal effects they have had on thoſe unhappy objects, to whom ſuch medicines have been unfortunately adminiſtered.—In ſhort, it muſt be obvious to every one, that terrible conſequences, if not death itſelf, do often follow in thoſe who are much addicted to taking the various quack medicines which are daily advertiſed. It is therefore ſincerely to be wiſhed, for the good of ſociety in general, that the legiſlature would take this matter into conſideration, and put a total ſtop to the baſe and impious practices of theſe infamous impoſtors.

It is a pity but the ſame prudent and judicious regulations would take place in England, reſpecting this circumſtance, as is eſtabliſhed in moſt other parts in Europe. In Denmark no perſons have leave to follow the doctorial profeſſion, unleſs he be firſt examined and approved of by the College of Phyſicians, and confirmed by the King himſelf. And at Paris, all perſons, even apothecaries themſelves, are prohibited to give any medicine to a patient, unleſs by the order and with the advice of a regular bred phyſician, or of a perſon of the faculty; nor are they to make up any preſcription, given or drawn up by any empiric.

JUVENIS.

Extracts from "Free Thoughts on Seduction, Adultery and Divorce." *By the late Dr.* KENRICK.

THE hair-breadth ſcapes and imminent deadly breaches of a military life, are not more perilous and fatal to the ſoldier in the purſuit of honour in the camps of war, than the hair breadth diſtinctions, and caſuiſtical chicanery of the lawyers are perilous and fatal to the client who is in purſuit of juſtice in our courts of law. Deadly, however, as they may prove to the plaintiff, they afford a cruel diverſion to the authors, and ſometimes to the ſpectators of the contention.

The ſenſibility and delicacy of ſome men are remarkably acute and diſtreſſing: The inſenſibility and indelicacy of others are as remarkably blunt, torpid, and indifferent. Will it be pretended that an injury ariſing from the incontinence of a wife done to the latter, would be as great as that done to the former? The laws, indeed, do not provide for particular

cular feelings of individuals, but they may, and do, for the general situation and sentiments of the different ranks and orders of men. There are few persons so careless about what passes among their acquaintance, but they may recollect some one among them who is notoriously a dupe to a wanton wife; and yet who, either through meanness or insensibility, makes a kind of virtue of necessity, to sit down contented and easy under his misfortune. But can they assent to this doctrine, that an injury of the same nature done to themselves would be no greater a breach of their domestic peace, than to the contemptible husband, who cherishes the object of his own disgrace?

In the loss of a limb or life, one man may feel as much pain as another, nay a reptile may feel as much as a man;

The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

But it is not so with the loss of honour. This is a moral and political, not a natural and physical evil. It is an injury, the sense of which depends partly on public opinion, and partly on private sentiment; the value every man sets on it being generally adapted to the rank and station he holds in life.

Mr. Hume, one of the first philosophers and politicians of the present age, imputes the civil origin of marriage to the desire of man, in a social state, to have an exclusive possession, or right of property, in an agreeable female, whom he, in consequence, prefers to his bed. The seduction, therefore, of a woman from the allegiance due to her husband, by which he is, of course, deprived of that zeal and affection for his service to which he has an exclusive right, is, in effect, a theft; it is, in fact, robbing him of the most valuable part of his personal estate. If to this we add the obvious circumstance of introducing a spurious issue to inherit his real estate, the seducer is plainly guilty of a wilful design to rob the injured husband of his whole fortune real and personal.

——Two unfortunately met, by the cannon forced to draw in that yoke an unmerciful day's work of sorrow, till death unharness them.

MILTON.

Dr. Burn congratulates his cotemporaries, and says it is the glory of the present age that the contests between the courts of the commons and the ecclesiastical law, regarding their respective jurisdictions, have subsided. "Persecution," says he, "hath departed to its native hell, and fair benevolence hath come down from heaven. The distinctions which were introduced during the plenitude of papal power, have fallen away by degrees and we shall, naturally, recur to the first state wherein popery took it up, in which there was no thwarting between the two jurisdictions, but they were amicably conjoined, affording mutual help and ornament to each other."

Doubtless this is a consumation devoutly to be wished; but before it is compleated, I conceive it will be necessary to make some essential alteration, or more properly speaking, reformation in the practice of the ecclesiastical courts respecting divorce.

It may truly be affirmed, that both the cause and the effect of incontinence, in the different sexes, are widely different, and that not merely in a public and political view, but also in a private and personal one.

What

What man is there, of the leaſt ſenſibility and delicacy, who does not return from his momentary debauch with diſguſt at the object of it? What huſband, not totally degenerated, does not return with increaſed regard and affection for a virtuous, un-upbraiding wife, whoſe character muſt riſe exalted in the odious compariſon? He muſt be a groveling, a taſteleſs wretch indeed, whoſe mind can be alienated from an agreeable and virtuous partner of his bed, by

> ——————the bought ſmiles
> Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd;
> Caſual fruition! ſought in court amours,
> Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight ball. PAR. LOST.

But is it the ſame with the other ſex? far otherwiſe. The advantage taken of a woman's perſon may conſtitute the leaſt part of the injury done the huſband. A wife cannot violate the marriage-bed till her affections are totally eſtranged; her heart, her mind muſt be contaminated: ſhe cannot be guilty of incontinence without laying a wilful perjury to her ſoul, in the breach of her matrimonial vow. She cannot admit a ſtranger to her embraces without abandoning her huſband, "him and his utmoſt hopes," without robbing and expoſing to ſcorn him and his whole poſterity. She muſt hate, abhor, deſpiſe the man ſhe hath ſo highly wronged; for they who commit ſuch injuries never forgive the injured. On the other hand, there are no men, who ſet a juſter value, or entertain a higher reſpect for their wives, than thoſe who, by having imprudently indulged themſelves in occaſional acts of gallantry with looſe women, are taught to hold in proper contempt the vicious and abandoned part of the ſex.

It is not expected that our Engliſh ladies will give readily into this doctrine; but if they do not, it is becauſe they are too foreignly modiſh to care for their huſbands at all, or that they cheriſh an infantine ſelfiſhneſs which will not let them ſee their own intereſt. The beſt of them are often like little children, who ſhew their fondneſs for a favourite animal, by perſecuting it with careſſes till they kill it with kindneſs, or till it eſcapes, diſguſted, from ſuch offenſive proof of abſurd affection. Neither the fondneſs of childhood, nor the dotage of age, are, by any means, that kind of love which lays the foundation for laſting happineſs in the marriage ſtate.—It is an affection founded on reaſon, which, making a difference between faults and foibles, diſtinguiſhes by practical effects, not fanciful ſpeculations, between vice and virtue.

After all that can be ſaid on the ſubject,

> If men would have the nuptial union laſt,
> 'Tis virtue only that can bind it faſt.

It is yet in vain to expatiate, in general terms, on virtue, without pointing out its particular practice. It is the misfortune of the fair ſex to entertain a very confined and inadequate idea of that liberal and extenſive term. By circumſcribing it within the narrow limits of mere chaſtity, they lay themſelves open to aſſault in the only part which they are moſt vulnerable. There are a number of collateral duties and decencies attendant on every cardinal virtue, without which the latter not only loſes its dignity, but its conſequence.

It has been repeatedly and truly ſaid, that it is not enough for a woman to be virtuous without they appear ſo.

The huſband who attempts to ſeduce another man's wife or daughter, is doubly criminal. It is true that, amidſt the diſſoluteneſs of modern manners and principles, the criminality is held but too light, and, in the warmth of conſtitution, the "hey-day of the blood," as the poet emphatically calls it, it may be in vain to recommend to men of gallantry any thing

thing of ſo grave a caſt as texts of ſcripture. I will venture, however, to recommend to every married man of ſenſe and ſpirit, the obſervance of that golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." And as to every man of fortune, who is ſingle, I would adviſe him to get married as ſoon as he can, and check the hopes of Doctor's Commons, by keeping his wife from gadding abroad, and a liberal obſervance of family duty at home.

The ancient Greeks were not the only people who had no word in common uſe for the one wife of one huſband. It is remarkable that the modern French, as if they held each others wives in common, uſe the word *femme* indiſcriminately, for wife and woman. But how would it ſound in Engliſh, to ſay inſtead of *my wife, my woman!* Our tranſlators of the New Teſtament, therefore, have made uſe of the word *wife*, agreeably to our manners, inſtead of the word *woman*, conformable to the original Greek.

A man runs as great a hazard in marrying a ſilly wife, as a woman in confiding in a fooliſh gallant.

Natural folly, however, is frequently accompanied with a deal of little artifice and low cunning, productive of a world of miſchief, where it is left to its own guidance. For the miſchiefs they do in the female world, perhaps, men of ſenſe may, in a great meaſure, thank themſelves. In mean compliance with the weakneſs of the ſex which God and nature have ſubjected to their authority, they have given thoſe the lead whom they ought to guide. In conſequence of this, an inundation of levity and impertinence hath broke in upon us from thoſe nations of modern Sybarites, the French and Italians, bearing away the reſtraints of modeſty and decency, for which the Engliſh, and particularly the Engliſh ladies, have been for ages remarkable.

The devaſtation is too apparent, but the ruinous conſequences are, perhaps, inevitable. The evils of nature are compenſated by ſome counteracting good; ſimple ineptitude or inſanity may be reſtrained, but artificial folly and the frenzy of caprice know no bounds.

Nor is this indulgence ſo fatal to the ſex, however artfully ſolicited, ever ſeriouſly approved by the more ſenſible part even of themſelves. They are the firſt, when its ill effects are experienced, to upbraid a fond huſband for his weakneſs, in ſuffering them to run into danger. Like our firſt mother who ungratefully upbraided Adam for complying with her preſſing ſolicitations to be permitted to riſk the temptation of the grand deceiver alone, the fallen fair one is ever ready with her reproaches.

> Why didſt not thou, the head,
> Command me abſolutely not to go,
> Going into ſuch danger as thou ſaid'ſt?
> Had'ſt thou been firm and fix'd in thy diſſent,
> Neither had I tranſgreſs'd, nor thou with me. PAR. LOST.

A giddy woman, intoxicated with vanity, would, like Phaeton, aſſume the reins, and attempt to drive the chariot of the ſun, though at the hazard of ſetting the world on fire, and periſhing in its aſhes. It is the province, it is the duty of her huſband to prevent his own diſgrace by preventing her ruin.

It was a maxim with the ancients, that the pureſt manners always prevailed in thoſe countries where the leaſt was ſaid of the women; and that ſhe muſt be the moſt virtuous who was leaſt the ſubject of converſation.

On

On this principle it was that a Lacedemonian, hearing a foreigner run on greatly in commendation of a lady of his acquaintance, angrily interrupted him, and asked him if he would never have done depreciating a virtuous woman. With us, on the contrary, the women held in the highest estimation are those who make the most noise, who are the most talked of, the most frequently seen in company, who are most positive, and who give themselves the most insolent airs: The honour of putting a modest man to the blush belonging only to women of the first breeding.

According to Rosseau, a very shrewd and sensible observer of mankind, the female virtues never display themselves but in a life of retirement: the peculiar province of woman is the peaceful management of their families; their dignity consists in modesty: bashfulness is in them inseparable from chastity: to court the looks of the men is a mark of corruption, and every woman dishonours herself who is fond of appearing in public.

Great as is Rousseau's authority with our English ladies, I have no hopes that they will generally subscribe to it in this particular. The love of admiration is so natural to the sex, and the love of power to all mankind, that we are not to expect that they who are in the possession of the one, or the exercise of the other, will voluntarily give up such darling prerogatives.

When a power of so much importance to community is misplaced or misapplied, it is a duty incumbent on the guardians of society, to wrest it from such improper hands, or, at least, to lay a restraint on its misapplication. But neither is this so easily effected as may be imagined. It is often mistakenly conceived that the legislature is omnipotent, and that the laws of a people have an immediate and necessary influence on their morals. The case is somewhat different. The influence of government, however direct and positive, will make no lasting impression on public manners till it hath equally affected public opinion. Neither is it in the virtues of individuals that we are to seek for the source of a general reformation. The bulk of mankind, in a state of society, live not so much for themselves, as for others: nothing seems eligible to them but what is stamped with the public approbation: the only happiness generally sought after being that of appearing happy in the eyes of others.

Great examples have, in past ages, had great effects, but we seem to live in an age when even the most illustrious examples in favour of conjugal virtue are void of influence.

An Enigmatical Description of the DRESS *and other Ornaments of a* GREAT LADY *in the Drawing Room on the last Birth Day.*

SHE had on a suit of cloaths of the colour of a remarkable harmless bird, richly ornamented in needle-work, with many beautiful flowers, amongst which I could very visibly distinguish the noblest part of man, added to an agreeable enjoyment.

Three fourths of a carriage, a plain denial, changing a letter, one half of a precious thing, and two thirds of a number. Half of what children are said to do when they fret after any thing, a consonant, the initial of a supreme governors and a serpentine letter. Half of a substitute for bread, two thirds of what we do when we look at any person, and the nineteenth letter in the alphabet, with many others too tedious to mention.

She had on a beautiful pair of shoes, made of the Deity reversed, and what all people have elegantly enriched with what the miser covets.

Her

Her linen was ſuch as is uſually worn on ſuch occaſions.

On her head was placed a kind of coronet richly ornamented with diamonds and other precious ſtones. But theſe bore no compariſon to the jewels of a much ſuperior luſtre with which ſhe was likewiſe adorned, and which conſiſted chiefly of two ſeventhſ of wicked, the firſt and laſt letters of a naſty vermin, a vowel, and the beginning of evening. An hiſtorian, changing a letter, half of what I do, and to make faſt, leaving out the laſt letter. A ſhining quality in a lover. Four ſeventhſ of a man's name, myſelf, and two fifths of a trade.

Upon the whole, ſhe was moſt magnificently dreſſed, and her ornaments moſt judiciouſly diſpoſed, in which ſhe appeared to the greateſt advantage, and was no ſmall addition to her perſon, which was every way admirable, and indeed wanted no embelliſhments to ſet it off: But this dreſs was intended more as a compliment to his Majeſty, and as a pattern for the more inferior ladies of quality to follow: And finally, ſhe drew upon her, on her entrance, the love and admiration of the whole drawing-room.

HENRIETTA C—P—R.

*** A ſolution is earneſtly requeſted from ſome correſpondent.

From the LONDON Mag.

Obſervations on virtuous and vicious OLD MEN.

TRAVELLERS tell us, that in America and at the Cape of Good Hope, the ſavages have a moſt barbarous cuſtom of puting old men to death, when they are paſt their labour. I ſhould be very ſorry that ſuch a cuſtom ſhould be obtained amongſt us, or that a law were made for that purpoſe. Many old men are very uſeful members of ſociety; although they may be paſt the more active duties of life, yet (if they have employed their younger days in acquiring a competent ſtock of knowledge and learning) they can ſtill be very ſerviceable to the public, by their opinion and advice. The hurry of their paſſions is ſubſided, their reflexion is calm, and their long experience and obſervation, render them capable of correcting the irregular ſallies of youth by wholeſome counſel.

A ſenſible, hearty old man, is, I think, the nobleſt thing in the creation. He is the moſt entertaining, as well as improving companion that can be met with. But let us ſuppoſe on the other hand, that a law were enacted, by which, *a la mode de ſauvage*, all the uſeleſs old men in this kingdom ſhould be put to death: Lord! what daily executions ſhould we ſee of old gentlemen, who now ſet up for bucks, frequent brothels, keep miſtreſſes, hobble down a dance at maſquerades, and dreſs in the top of the mode. If I were the interpreter of this law, I would account thoſe old men uſeleſs, who have ſpent their youth in folly, vice, and ignorance, and have laid up no fund of virtue or knowledge, either of books or men, to render old age reſpectable. What numbers of this kind do we every day ſee in this town, who, inſtead of being uſeful members of ſociety, are mere blanks or cyphers. Some of them render themſelves highly ridiculous, by a fooliſh affectation of gallantry, by an abſurd endeavour to imitate their juniors in vice, faſhions, intemperance, and vanity. So ſilly are ſome of my contemporaries, as to think of enjoying with raptures the charms of ſixteen: But, alas! I can tell them, thoſe days are over, and that it is only a faint appetite:

appetite: It is like the *calenture*, or hot fever, which makes the unhappy ſailors who are affected with it, imagine that they ſee beautiful meadows and delightful groves in the ſea, and will throw themſelves overboard, if not prevented; nay, ſo far do theſe mere ſhadows of gallantry carry their madneſs, as to keep up the vices of ſenſuality, which they practiſed in their youth; at leaſt they endeavour to do ſo in appearance. An old rake is a ſhocking deteſtable animal, and in my opinion, not a whit ſuperior to a baboon, or rather ſeems to be of the nature of a goat, whoſe deſires grow the more inordinate the older he grows. Even to hear diſcourſe from the lips of an old man, which ſavours of vice, profaneneſs, or levity, is ſhocking; whereas, on the contrary, the cheerfulneſs of grey hairs, which flows from virtue and good ſenſe, is delightful and inſtructive; in ſhort, we ſee daily inſtances of many, who juſt exiſt on the dregs of a broken conſtitution; and on ſtating an account of a life of deiſm, vice, and wickedneſs, have no other vouchers to produce, but ſuch as the poet ſays,

A youth of folly, and old age of cards!

Such as theſe, I fancy would ſtand very little chance of even a reprive, much leſs a pardon, upon a fair trial, unleſs ſome old ladies of quality might make intereſt for them, leſt they ſhould loſe ſo many good hands at loo. But I would have no mercy at all ſhown to thoſe wanton old wretches, who, perhaps, on the eve of ſeventy, will needs ſacrifice youth and beauty to their impotent deſires, by an unnatural union of December and May. I would myſelf, gladly be the executioner of ſuch offenders, who tantalize poor eighteen, and prevent her from anſwering the end of her creation, by an inadequate match. Old Laſius is one of thoſe: He married the charming Theophila, in all her bloom of beauty: He was ſeventy-two, ſhe ſcarce twenty; he ſettled but a ſmall jointure on her; and though ſhe has made one of the beſt wives in the world, his niggard heart will not ſuffer him to add to it. She has been his tender nurſe in a long tedious ſickneſs, and bore his moroſe humour, with unexampled ſweetneſs, yet he has not the generoſity to repay her goodneſs by an addition to her dower out of his immenſe fortune.

This ſort of old fellows put me in mind of the Harpies in Virgil's Æneid, who defiled the food they could not enjoy: So theſe feeble engroſſers hoard, as they do their gold, that bloom of ſprightlineſs and beauty, which they want abilities to reliſh, and then, perhaps, live long enough to plague the unfortunate young creature till her charms are vaniſhed. Sometimes, indeed, the maiden widows of theſe old dotards have had the luck to have ſoon got rid of them, and then they have got matches ſuitable to their years.

Parents who oblige their daughters to wed age and impotence, are, in my opinion, more cruel in their ſacrifice than Jeptha or Agamemnon: they only cut their daughters throats through a miſtaken notion of religion; but theſe are guilty of inflicting that moſt barbarous puniſhment of Mezentius on their innocent children for gold, that of tying the living to the dead. And I could heartily wiſh that theſe old blockheads, who thus encounter in an unequal conflict, may always meet with a juſt reward of their deſerts, viz, a pair of horns, and a broken heart.

JUVENIS.

The TEMPLE of HAPPINESS. A Viſion.

AS the deſire of happineſs is the governing principle of our nature, it is not to be wondered at, that mankind ſhould endeavour to attain it, by purſuing every imaginable path that can lead to it. But, alas! ſuch is the weakneſs of our limited underſtandings, ſuch is the blindneſs of our corrupt imagination, that we defeat thoſe very ends by which we might arrive at it. The very objects we were moſt certain of finding it centered in, are perhaps the moſt diſtant from it, and thoſe men who are the moſt earneſt in the ſearch of it, we often find the moſt diſappointed. I was ruminating on this ſubject one night on my pillow, when the idea made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on my mind, that falling into a profound ſleep, the following viſion preſented itſelf to my imagination.

I thought myſelf in a very large plain, which was incircled by a moſt extenſive wood. In this plain, I ſaw a vaſt multitude of people of both ſexes and of all ages aſſembled, on a ſudden they were all in motion. I enquired whither they were going; and I was informed that they all bent their ſteps towards the Temple of Happineſs, which was ſituated at the extremity of the wood.

There were three viſtas cut through the wood, and the multitude divided themſelves into three diſtinct parties, each taking a different route. The names of theſe three paths I found were Riches, Learning, and Contentment. I immediately joined a large croud, and with them entered the road of Riches, deſirous to arrive at the Temple by that avenue. Our journey for a time was pleaſant and we travelled on in high ſpirits, with a certainty of ſucceſs. But, behold! we had not proceeded far, when we could diſcern dreary proſpects, frightful precipices, and horrid gulphs. There were alſo ugly fiends of moſt tremendous forms, who ſeized my unfortunate companions, and daſhed them down the dreadful precipices, or plunged them headlong into the horrid gulphs. Theſe loathſome ſpectres were Ambition, Envy, Covetouſneſs, and Self-love. I ſtarted back affrighted, and was in the utmoſt apprehenſion of periſhing, when a damſel of a moſt ſerene aſpect, came to my relief, and led me back to the plain, from whence I ſet out; her name was COMPLACENCY: I expreſſed my ſincere gratitude to her for my preſervation, when ſhe thus accoſted me.—"Stranger, ſays ſhe, you have eſcaped the greateſt danger, for ſuch of thoſe unhappy wretches, as have ſurvived the gulphs and precipices, will arrive at a temple which has all the external ornaments of gold and precious ſtones, and which their deluded imaginations will repreſent to them to be the true Temple of Happineſs; nor will they at firſt perceive their error, but, alas! in the end, they will find it to be the ſeat of miſery; here they will make their abode with biting cares and anxious diſquietude."—Here my guide forſook me, and I joined myſelf to another company, with whom I proceeded to the track of learning through the ſecond opening in the wood. This path I found very difficult and narrow at the entrance. In

many places obſcurity, doubts, and perplexity impeded our ſteps, and the farther we went, the more theſe embarraſſments increaſed: Many of my fellow travellers periſhed in the attempt, ſome were too weak, others too unwieldy, and the reſt too impatient for ſo intricate a journey. Here you might ſee ſome failing for want of natural abilities, and others ſo entangled among the briars and thorns of controverſy and criticiſm, that they ſunk down in heaps, never more to lift up their heads. Divines, poets, philoſophers, and ſchoolmen ſtrewed the way with their feeble carcaſes: And great numbers of an inferior claſs ſtumbled over their manes: It reſembled a ſlaughter in the Iliad, or the carnage of the dæmons in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

I could likewiſe perceive phantoms in the air, hovering over me, almoſt as frightful as thoſe I ſaw in the road to Riches. Theſe were Doubt, Perplexity and Contradiction. I was now ready to give way to deſpair, having loſt all hopes of reaching the long wiſhed for Temple, when the moſt beautiful being I ever beheld preſented herſelf to my view. She exactly anſwered the deſcription Virgil gives of Venus, *et vera inceſſu patuit dea*, or as Milton expreſſes it, "Grace was in all her ſteps;" her name was PRUDENCE. She ſaw my diſtreſs, and taking me by the hand, conducted me through a narrow, unfrequented path, into the road of contentment. This was the reverſe of the two others, for the farther I proceeded the more pleaſant it became. Here, inſtead of frightful precipices, or thorny ways, the ground was enamelled with flowers of various hues: The air was ſweet, and the ſky perfectly ſerene. I felt no wearineſs, no anxiety, no fear, but purſued my journey in the higheſt ſpirits; but as we went on my heavenly guide gradually removed from my viſual nerves thoſe miſts which had before contracted them, and I could plainly diſcern at a ſmall diſtance, the true Temple of Happineſs. I now redoubled my efforts, and ſoon attained to the completion of all my wiſhes. I was not a little ſurpriſed to find it a plain edifice on the outſide, without any artificial ornaments, but the exquiſite ſtile of architecture attracted my notice, notwithſtanding its ſimplicity.

I entered the temple conducted by my guide, and beheld the Goddeſs in an erect attitude, ſupported by Religion on her right hand, and Virtue on her left. She had a moſt lovely countenance, and ſmiled with ineffable ſatisfaction on her votaries. My tranſports on finding myſelf in this delicious place cannot be expreſſed. But my aſtoniſhment was inconceivable to ſee few people in it but thoſe of the middle, and lower claſſes of mankind. I expected to have found the Temple filled with crown and ſceptres, ſtars and garters, coronets and mitres; only here and there, one of theſe were to be ſeen, who had been conducted there by the meritorious indigents whom they had protected and ſheltered from worldly injuries. I was about to proſtrate myſelf to the Deity, when this effort of adoration awakened me, and the baſeleſs fabrick of the viſion left behind only the faint traces I have communicated. M.

Seleƈ

BON MOT of a British Tar.

DURING the preſent indiſcriminate preſs, in virtue of the temporary act of parliament (which is to be in force for five months from the 16th of June laſt) a preſs-gang ſeized a perſon of very genteel appearance, who urged as a plea for being ſet at liberty, that he was a gentleman; a ſailor, in reply, ſaid, So much the better—for we have preſſed a parcel of dam'd blackguards, and we want a gentleman to teach them good manners.

Select MAXIMS of Ancient and Modern celebrated Authors.

OF WOMEN.

A Woman once made equal with man becometh his ſuperior. *Socrates.*

Women are to be meaſured, not by their beauties, but by their virtues.

Beauty in the faces of Women, and folly in their heads, are two worms that eat out life and deſtroy property.

Women in their wills are peremtory, and in their anſwers ſharp, yet, like falcons, they will ſtoop to a guady lure.

Womens tongues pierce as deep as their eyes.

The cloſets of womens thoughts are ever open, and the depth of their hearts hath a ſting that reaches to their tongues end.

Womens faces are lures, their beauty baits, their looks nets, and their words enticing charms.

Sophocles being aſked, why, when he deſcribed the characters of women, he made them always good, whereas *Euripedes* made them bad; gave this reply. I repreſent women as they ſhould be—Euripides ſuch as they are.

If women be beautiful, they are to be won with praiſes; if coy, with prayers; if proud, with the promiſe of honours; if covetuous, with gifts.

Women in their love often reſemble apothecaries, who chooſe weeds for their ſhops, and leave the faireſt flowers in the garden.

Womens ſorrows are either ſo extreme as to admit no cure, or ſo intermixed with diſſimulation that it is hard to diſtinguiſh real from affected grief.

Whoſo finds conſtancy in a woman finds all things deſirable in the female conſtitution.

Women that are chaſte when they are truſted, often prove wantons, when they are ſuſpected.

It is the nature of women to covet moſt that which is denied them.

Womens minds in general are uncertain, that they have as many devices as a tree hath leaves. But,

A beautiful, chaſte and prudent woman is the perfect workmanſhip of God, the ſymbol of angels, a rare miracle on earth, and the ſole wonder of the world. *Hermes.*

This

That man, who is married to a peaceable and virtuous woman, lovely in her perſon, and amiable in her diſpoſition; being on earth hath attained heaven, being in want hath attained wealth, being in woe hath attained comfort.

OF LOVE.

LOVE is an unreaſonable exceſs of deſire, which cometh ſwiftly, and departeth ſlowly.

Love begun in peril, yieldeth the greateſt delight in poſſeſſion.

All bonds are too weak to fetter love.

Love is a fading pleaſure mixed with bitter paſſions; a potion of miſery tempered with a few cordial drops.

Love is not to be eradicated by wiſdom, becauſe it is not to be comprehended by reaſon.

Love vanquiſheth tyrants, conquereth the malice of the envious, and reconcileth mortal foes unto perfect friendſhip.

Love is a compound of heat and cold, of ſweet and bitter, of pain and pleaſure: it maketh the thought have eyes, and the heart ears. It is bred by deſire, nurſed by delight, weaned by jealouſy, killed by infidelity, and buried by ingratitude.

Love is threefold: the firſt embraceth only virtue: the ſecond is infamous, preferring bodily pleaſure: the third is of the body and ſoul. Nothing more noble than the ſecond nothing more vile, the third is equal to both. *Plato.*

LOVERS ſhould prefer manners before money, and honeſty before beauty.

To be in love with a fair miſtreſs, and in want of gold to maintain her: to have thouſands of men ready to fight and not a penny to pay them, will make your miſtreſs wild, and your ſoldiers tame. But, he that maketh his miſtreſs a goldfinch, may perhaps find her in time, a wagtail.

Love can never be durably fixed, when in him that is beloved there wanteth merit.

The mind of a Lover is not where he liveth but where he loveth.

Sophocles being aſked, what harm he would wiſh his enemy; anſwered, that he might love where he was not fancied.

Affections are harder to ſuppreſs than enemies to ſubdue.

Love fixed on virtue increaſeth ever by continuance.

It is a profit for young men, and a loſs for old men to be in love.

He that gathereth roſes, muſt be content to prick his fingers, and he that will win a woman's good will muſt endure the thorns of diſdain, and put up with ſharp anſwers.

The firſt ſtep to wiſdom is not to love; the ſecond, ſo to love that it be not too much perceived. *Plato.*

OF JEALOUSY.

Definition. *Jealouſy is a diſeaſe of the mind, proceeding from a fear which a man or woman entertaineth, that that is communicated to another, which they would not have common, but deſire to keep entirely to themſelves. It is alſo bred of that kind of love, which will not ſuffer a partner in a thing beloved.*

JEALOUSY is ſuch a formidable enemy to the matrimonial ſtate, and ſoweth between the married couple ſuch deadly ſeeds of ſecret hatred and contention, that love is often turned by it into extreme hatred, and it introduceth envy with bloody revenge in his train.

The jealous man living dies—none looketh on his love, but ſuſpicion ſays, this is he that covets to be my rival: none knock at the door, but ſtarting up, he thinketh they are the meſſengers of wanton deſires; none talk but they whiſper affection. If ſhe frown, ſhe hates him, and loves others; if ſhe ſmile, it is becauſe ſhe has been ſucceſsful in her intrigues: looks ſhe frowardly on any man poſſeſſed with a ſudden frenzy, he cried out, that neither fire in the ſtraw, nor love in a woman's eyes can be concealed: thus doth he live reſtleſs, his nights conſumed in wakeful thoughts and cares; his days in woe, vexation and anxiety.

Jealouſy maketh the coward ſtout, the baſhful audacious, and the babler ſilent.

He that is jealous is like him who is ſick of an ague, and poureth in drink to increaſe the ſource of his ſickneſs. *Hippocrates.*

Jealouſy in ſeeking death contemneth it; but finding it repineth thereat; not for enduring it, but becauſe it ſuffereth him not to outlive revenge.

As the crow thinketh her own birds the faireſt, ſo the jealous man thinketh his own choice the moſt excellent.

To trouble a jealous man with advice, is only to augment his pain, by adding to his ſuſpicion.

From the FARMER's Mag.

Account of the Mildew, conſidered as the principal Cauſe of Epidemic Diſeaſes among Cattle; with Directions concerning the Manner of of treating theſe Diſeaſes.

M. J. S Segar, the author of a treatiſe upon this ſubject, obſerves, that the Mildew, which he conſiders as a kind of ruſt, is of ſuch a ſharp and corroſive nature, that it raiſes bliſters on the feet of the ſhepherds who go bare-foot, and even conſumes the hoofs of the cattle. He ſuſpects that it has more or leſs the quality of arſenic, though he does not pretend to aſſert this poſitively. Its pernicious influence, according to him, is rendered ſtill more powerful by a variety of circumſtances, ſuch as ſending the cattle into the fields too early in the ſpring, their drinking water mixed with ice, or but lately thawed, their being kept in ſta-

bles

bles that are too close and filthy, and that are not sufficiently aired. The Mildew, producing the disease, is that which dries and burns the grass and leaves. It falls usually in the morning, particularly after a thunder storm. Its poisonous quality, (which does not continue above twenty-four hours) never operates, but when it has been swallowed immediately after its falling. The disorder it occasions, attacks the stomach, is accompanied with pimples on the tongue, with loss of appetite, with the desiccation of the aliments in the stomach, with a cough, and a difficulty of respiration.

As a preservative, the author prescribes purging in spring and in winter. The medicine he advises, is composed of thirty grains of sulphur and antimony, and sixty grains of resin of jollop. He is against vomiting, and every thing that is of a heating nature.

On the Use of ELDER to destroy the Fly in Turnips, &c.

A Letter to the Secretary of the Royal Society.

"SIR,—I should not presume to trouble you as a member of the Royal Society, with the following letter, did not the subject seem to promise to be of great public utility. It relates to the effects of Elder.

Sambucus fructu in umbella nigro.

"1st. In preserving cabbage-plants from being eaten or damaged by caterpillers.

"2d. In preventing blights, and their effects, on fruit and other trees.

"3d. In the preservation of crops of wheat from the yellows, and other destructive insects.

"4th. In saving crops of turnips from the fly, &c.

"1st. I was led to my first experiments, by considering how disagreeable and offensive to our olfactory nerves the effluvia emitted by a brush of green elder leaves are, and from thence reasoning how much more so they must be to those of a butterfly, whom I considered as being much superior to us in delicacy, as inferior in size. Accordingly, I took twigs of young Elder, and with them whipt the cabbage plants well, but so gently as not to hurt them, just as the butterflies first appeared; from which time, for these two summers, though the butterfles would hover and flutter round them like gnomes or sylphs, yet I never could see one pitch, nor was there, I believe, a single caterpiller blown, after the plants were whipt; though an adjoining bed was infested as usual.

"2d. Reflecting on the effects above-mentioned, and considering blights as chiefly and generally occasioned by small flies, and minute insects, whose organs are proportionably finer than the former, I whipt the limbs of a wall plumb-tree, as high as I could reach; the leaves of which were preserved green, flourishing and unhurt, while those not six inches higher, and from thence upwards, were brightled, shrivelled up, and full of worms. Some

of

of theſe laſt I afterwards reſtored by whipping with, and tying up Elder among them. It muſt be noted, that this tree was in full bloſſom at the time of whipping, which was much too late, as it ſhould have been done once once or twice before the bloſſom appeared. But I conclude from the whole, that if an infuſion of Elder were made in a tub of water, ſo that the water might be ſtrongly impregnated therewith, and then ſprinkled over the tree, by a hand-engine, once every week or fortnight, it would effectually anſwer every purpoſe that could be wiſhed, without any any poſſible riſk of hurting the bloſſoms or fruit.

" 3d. What the Farmers call the yellows in wheat, and which they conſider as a kind of mildew, is, in fact, as I have no doubt but you well know, occaſioned by a ſmall yellow fly with blue wings, about the ſize of a gnat. This blows in the ear of the corn, and produces a worm, almoſt viſible to the naked eye; but being ſeen through a pocket microſcope, it appears a large yellow maggot of the colour and groſs of amber, and is ſo prolific, that I laſt week diſtinctly counted forty-one living yellow maggots or inſects, in the huſk one ſingle grain of wheat, a number ſufficient to eat up and deſtroy the corn in a whole ear. I intended to have tried the following experiment ſooner; but the the dry hot weather bringing on the corn faſter than was expected, it was got and getting into fine bloſſoms ere I had an opportunity of ordering as I did; but, however, the next morning at day break, two ſervants took two buſhes of Elder, and went one on each ſide from end to end, and ſo back again, drawing the Elder over the ears of corn of ſuch fields as were not far advanced in bloſſoming. I conceived that the diſagreeable effluvia of the Elder would effectually prevent thoſe flies from pitching their tents in ſo noxious a ſituation; nor was I diſappointed, for I am firmly perſuaded, that no flies pitched or blowed on the corn after it had been ſo ſtruck. But I had the mortification of obſerving the flies (the evening before it was ſtruck) already on the corn (ſix, ſeven, or eight, on a ſingle ear) ſo that what damage had accrued, was done before the operation took place; for, on examing it laſt week, I found the corn which had been ſtruck pretty free of the yellows, very much more ſo than what was not ſtruk. I have, therefore, no doubt but that, had the operation been performed ſooner, the corn would have remained totally clear and untouched. If ſo, ſimple as the proceſs is, I flatter myſelf, it bids fair to preſerve the fine crops of corn from deſtruction, as the ſmall inſects are the crops greateſt enemy. One of thoſe yellow flies laid at leaſt eight or ten eggs, of an oblong ſhape, on my thumb, only while carrying by the wing acroſs three or four ridges, as appeared on viewing it with a pocket microſcope.

" 4th. Crops of turnips are frequently deſtroyed, when young, by being bitten by ſome inſects, either flies or fleas; this, I flatter myſelf, may be effectually prevented, by having an Elder buſh ſpread ſo as to cover about the breadth of a ridge, and drawn once backward and forward by a man, over the young turnips. I am

confirmed in this idea, by having ſtruck an Elder buſh over a bed of young cauliflower-plants, which had begun to be bitten, and would otherwiſe have been deſtroyed by thoſe inſects; but after that operation, it remained untouched.

"In ſupport of my opinion, I beg leave to mention the following fact from very credible information, that about eight or nine years ago, this county was ſo infeſted with cock-chaffers or oakwebs, that in many pariſhes they ate every green thing but Elder; nor left a leaf untouched beſides Elder buſhes, which alone remained green and unhurt, amid the general devaſtation of ſo voracious a multitude. On reflecting on theſe ſeveral circumſtances, a thought ſuggeſted itſelf to me, whether an Elder now eſteemed noxious and offenſive, may not be one day ſeen planted with, and entwiſting its branches among fruit trees, in order to preſerve the fruit from deſtruction by inſects; and whether the ſame means, which produced the ſeveral effects, may not be extended to a great variety of other caſes, in the preſervation of the vegetable kingdom.

"The Dwarf Elder (*ebulus*) I apprehend emits more offenſive effluvia than common Elder; therefore muſt be preferable to it in the ſeveral experiments.

Devonſhire. CHR. GULLETT.

From the GOSPEL Mag.

The exceeding Riches of Grace, in God's wonderful Dealings with Miſs SARAH WIGHT.

THIS young lady was daughter to Mr. Thomas Wight, ſome time of the auditor's office. Her father died in her infancy; and, during her mother's deep afflictions and ſore temptations, ſhe was well trained up in the Scriptures by her godly grandmother, Mrs. Wight of Daintry; and when the Lord vouchſafed to manifeſt his grace in Chriſt to her mother's ſoul, then ſhe was brought home to her, being about nine years old. She gave herſelf to read and ſtudy the Scriptures, which tho' ſhe then underſtood not aright, yet the Lord, by his Spirit afterwards opened to her what ſhe had formerly read, to her own great comfort, and that of many others.

From her childhood ſhe was of a tender heart and an afflicted ſpirit; tho' her temptations were not ſo great till ſhe was about 12 years old. After that time, they continued about four years, till April 6, 1647, The beginning of her violent temptation was this: Her governeſs bid her do a ſmall thing, judging it lawful. She did it doubtingly, fearing it was unlawful; and being ſelf-condemned, was ſeized with a great trembling in her hands and body. About a month after, having, as ſhe knew, loſt her hood, and her mother aſking her for it, ſhe ſuddenly anſwered, "My grandmother hath it." Her heart condemning her inſtantly, her conſcience upbraided her with being a lyar and a thief: theſe were the chief cauſes of her deſpair.

In theſe four laſt years, ſhe was often in ſuch extremity, as to believe nothing but hell and wrath were her portion, and that there was no hell but

but what she felt in her conscience; and if she could but dispatch herself, there would be an end of her sorrow. She often wickedly attempted to destroy herself, by various means, wretchedly wounding and bruising herself; but the Lord, who had set his love on her, wonderfully prevented her destruction; sometimes by one or other, at the instant; sometimes by bringing to her mind some choice scripture, as Isa. liv. 17 John x. 28, 29. These sinful act, but her comfort stayed not. Many pious ministers and christians endeavour in vain to comfort her.

One day being strongly tempted to believe there was no other hell but that she felt in her conscience, as Mrs. Honeywood had done with a Venice glass, so did she with her little white earthren drinking cup, saying, "As sure as this cup shall break, there is no other hell;" and then threw it with great violence from her, yet it brake not. Her mother took it up, and said, "Look here, child it is not broke." She repeated the rash action several times, and threw it once against the edge of the door, till on the fifth time of doing it, a small bit brake out of it. But what is still more remarkable, after God gave her peace, the servant, carrying her some water in the cup, let it drop, and it broke all to pieces.

In her desparing fits, she would vehemently curse the day of her birth. Her tender mother, who attended her constantly, to prevent her destroying herself, was mercifully enabled to hope that God would in his good time, administer consolation to her daughter; this she was fully persuaded of.

As the day of deliverance drew nigh, her night grew darker; a more than ordinary trembling came upon her, and she was strongly tempted to blaspheme God and die; but, when going to speak, her tongue was smitten. Afterwards, being laid down, she said to her mother, "I'll lie "still and see what God will say to me: if he will speak a word of peace at the last moment, I shall be content." She then desired, not to be disturbed; and lay as in a sleep, or trance, from Tuesday night April 6, till Saturday night, having no sustenance but a little water, this was the time of love to her soul.

April 10, 1647, a little after midnight, she first uttereth those expressions of soul-satisfying comforts she had lately felt, but was unable to manifest; for all means of testifying or receiving comfort had failed, being struck deaf and blind, with her eyes fast closed, like Saul's at his conversion, Acts ix.—Being in this situation, she thus began: "My soul thirsts for the water of life, and I shall have it" (four times ardently uttering these words), and then added, "a little water, good people, a little water." She drank two or three cups of it, and then sat up; and with a sweet and heavenly countenance, much brokenness of heart, and in an humble melting manner, with many tears, in a low voice, said, "Ah that Jesus Christ should come from his father's bosom, and assume man's nature! there are three sorts of people in the world, a higher, a middle, and a lower sort; Christ came to the lowest soul. Do you not see an excellency in him? I tell you, there is more excellency in him in his meanest state, Than in all the world; ay, than in a thousand worlds. Who came he to die for? For the greatest sinners: a dying Christ, for a denying Peter. Peter denied him, yet he died for him. Go, tell Peter, ah Peter!" (here she paused, as admiring it, and then proceeded) "For a Peter, for a Magdalen, for a thief on the cross, that none should despair; a crucified Christ, for a crucified Christ, for a crucified thief, for the chief of sinners; not for the proud Pharisee, but the poor publican. No sin separates from Christ, but the sin of unbelief: a full Christ, to an empty creature; to

me, the chief of ſinners: Chriſt came not to find faith, but to give it: he came to me when I was in unbelief." After pauſing again, ſhe added, "There is a fountain open for Judah and Jeruſalem, for ſin and for uncleanneſs; not ſtreams, but an open fountain; it is open for Judah, that played the harlot; yet God ſaith to her, return; though thou haſt played the harlot with many lovers, return, for I am married unto thee.—Who is this fountain? Jeſus Chriſt; he is a filling fountain, never dry. Who is a God like unto thee, pardoning ſin, paſt, preſent, and to come? He is ſlow to wrath, but ſwift to mercy; his mercy and is kindneſs is for ever and ever: Chriſt was firſt crucified, then glorified; before you receive a Chriſt glorified, you muſt receive a Chriſt crucified.

Thus the Lord opened her mouth to ſpeak much in the words of Holy Scripture, April 10 or 11. 13. 15. 17. 19. 20. 25, &c. though ſhe remained deaf and blind from April 6 to 19, except part of 15th and 17th. On the 15th, ſhe ſaid, "If any knew what it is to murmer againſt God and a parent, and felt for it what I have, they would never do it: nothing more burthens me than my murmurings and diſobedience to my mother." Then ſhe deſired that her mother might be called, to teſtify that ſhe had pardoned her (though ſhe could neither ſee nor hear), "But (added ſhe) I know a Jacob from an Eſau." Her mother came, and put her finger on her own neck, where her daughter felt a ſcar that Mrs. Wight had there, whereby the young lady knew her, laid her head in her mother's boſom, wept greatly, kiſſed her, and ſaid, "I know you, mother; and I love you with another love than before." Then ſhe aſked for water to waſh her eyes, that ſhe might ſee her mother. Her eyes were then waſhed; but they being faſt ſhut, Mrs. Dupper, her neighbour in Laurence Poultney-lane, held them open and ſhe ſaw and knew her mother; and immediately her ears were opened, to hear her mother pardon her. Her heart was then at reſt; and her hearing continued about half an hour, till her mother had done ſpeaking, when ſhe again loſt both ſight and ſpeech. When her mother told her, her brother was come from All Souls College, Oxford, ſhe greatly rejoiced, but loſt her ſight, hearing and ſpeech, before ſhe ſaw him, till April 17, when aſking for water, ſhe drank it, and ſaid, "Chriſt hath given me faith freely, love freely, and joy in himſelf."

(The remainder in our next.)

AN EPISCOPAL ANECDOTE.

DR. Hugh Latimer, one of the primitive reformers, was raiſed to the Biſhoprick of Worceſter in the reign of Henry VIII. It was the cuſtom of thoſe times for each of the Biſhops to make preſents to the King of a purſe of gold on New Year's-day. Biſhop Latimer went with the reſt of his brethren to make the uſual offering, but inſtead of a purſe of gold preſented the King with a New Teſtament, in which was a leaf doubled down to this paſſage, "whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." Such characters as this in the preſent age would be valuable.

POETICAL PIECES.

To the PRINTER of the MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL MUSEUM.

SIR,

Amomg all the arts and ſciences that fill the circle of human learning, there are very few productions that have more claim to our attention than MAGAZINES; a production that entertains while it inſtructs, and blends the moſt pleaſing ideas, in an engaging manner, of the people in the different parts of the world. I have long thought ſuch a work as you have now offered to the public much wanted; and, I make no doubt, but it will meet with ſuch encouragement as it deſerves.—If the encloſed lines are worth a place in your MUSEUM, they are at your ſervice; they were ſent me by a young man in Ireland, deſigned for travelling; if they are approved of, from time to time, I ſhall furniſh you with ſome Eſſays, Poetry, &c. &c.

And am, Sir, your's, &c.

AMICUS.

" But me not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
" My prime of life, in wand'ring ſpent and care,
" Impell'd with ſteps unceaſing, to purſue
" Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
" That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
" Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies:
" My fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
" And find no ſpot of all the world my own."

GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER.

A FAREWELL.

RESPECTIVE friends, for gen'rous deeds approv'd,
To whom oblig'd, and by whom belov'd;
This humble tribute candidly receive,
Alas! 'tis all a grateful heart can give.
Adieu, my friends! whoſe kindneſs moſt ſupreme
Fills all my breaſt, and claims my juſt eſteem:
Adieu, ye youths! companions of my joys,
Now fate ſevere my future bliſs deſtroys.
Happy youths Hibernia ſtill retains,
Alas! for me a diſtant clime remains.
How eaſy life, each moment how ſerene;
Nor care, nor grief, could damp the joyial ſcene.

Ye

Ye Iriſh fair, whom diſtant climes adore,
Call'd from you, my ſweeteſt joys are o'er:
Adieu, ye nymphs! whoſe graces ever charm,
Strikes ev'ry ſoul, and ev'ry boſom warm:
But whilſt this frame ſhall breathe the vital air,
My willing tongue ſhall praiſe the Iriſh fair;
In foreign lands your glories ſhall reſound,
And B——t beauties gladden all around;
Your fame, your charms, ſhall be my daily boaſt,
Charms oft admir'd, but now for ever loſt.
That I have enemies, a few, no doubt,
I oft have heard it ſaid, there's none without:
When far remote, oh, may I ſtill be bleſt,
And may thoſe dear ideas ſooth my breaſt,
As I gave no juſt cauſe, my mind's at reſt.
A dreadful thought! the torment of my mind!
Muſt I leave the fam'd Iriſh ſhores behind?
And when, at laſt, emerging from the night,
The deſtin'd morn ſhall ſhew its hated light.
When all prepar'd, and the proud favouring gales
With gentle blaſts extend the flowing ſails;
Still, ſtill my eyes, ſhall mark the flying ſhore,
Till friends, fields, trees and hills appear no more!
And only then, when raviſhed from my view,
My burſting breaſt ſhall bid the laſt adieu.

Liverpool, Aug. 1ſt, 1779.

On the Birth-day of Miſs R———DS, of MANCHESTER,

HAIL, happy morn! for ever be rever'd!
On thee a R———ds all divine appear'd.
May Sol on thee dart forth each cheering ray,
And verdant nature all her ſweets diſplay.
But ah! no ſweets with R———ds can compare,
Thou wiſh of youths! thou envy of the fair!
Five luſtra's now have run the courſe aſſign'd,
And ſeen thy beauties to no bounds confin'd.
Thy ſparkling eyes with pow'r reſiſtleſs roll,
Thy perſon charms, thy merit wins the ſoul.
The virtues of thy mind no pen can paint,
The heart may feel, but language is too faint.
Thy tender breaſt adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Dries up the tears from ſorrows pallid face.
A gentle ſweetneſs, and a heart ſincere,
A modeſt dignity and graceful air,
A willing captive lead each conquer'd youth,
Eager to ſhew his honor and his truth.
Long mayſt thou live to grace the future ſcene,
May griefs to damp thy joys be never ſeen.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE,
From Wedneſday, July 7th, to Auguſt 7th, 1779.

MANCHESTER.

Wedneſday, July 7.

This day the Counteſs of Stamford was ſafely delivered of a daughter, at Dunham Hall, in Cheſhire.

On Tueſday evening the following melancholy accident happened in Cheſter, Mr. John Deacon, of this town, merchant, looking thorough a window at the Feather's Inn, unfortunately fell into the ſtreet, and immediately expired.

Monday, 19.

Yeſterday as Robert Ware, Eſq; Lieutenant and Paymaſter in the Royal Lancaſhire militia was bathing in the ſea at Tynemouth, he was ſeized with an apoplectic fit, and expired immediately: On Wedneſday morning, at eight o'clock, his remains was interred in St. Nicholas church, with military honours. The ſtreet was lined by the regiment from his lodging in the Cloſe to the church, which made it ſolemn and affecting: He was a gentleman much reſpected by the officers, and beloved by the privates.

Saturday, 24.

This day ended the Quarter Seſſions here, when the following perſons were tried, viz. John Rigby, and Francis Cooper, for ſtealing yarn, the property of Mr. Ridings, of Chetham, and were ſentenced to work on the river Thames for 5 years each. John Hamer, for ſtealing a quantity of cotton pieces, the property of Mr. Bentley, of Elton, near Bury, was ordered to be confined in Lancaſter Caſtle for 12 months. John Watſon for ſtealing printed handkerchiefs, the property of Meſſrs. Griffith and Thorpe, at Fleams, was ordered to be whipped two market days, and to be impriſoned 3 months in the houſe of correction. James Hully, for ſtealing yarn, the property of Matthew Shawcroſs, of Andnſhaw, was ſuffered to enter on board a ſhip at Liverpool. Suſannah Ford, alias Moffit, alias Sue Clogger, for ſtealing nine guineas in gold, and 3l. 14s. in ſilver, was ordered to be impriſoned for 3 years in the houſe of correction. Ann Knott, for fraudently obtaining nine pieces of printed cotton, from Jane Antrobus, in the name of Mr. Robert Cook, was fined 6d. and ordered to be confined in the houſe of correction for 3 months. Ann Mills, charged with ſtealing a pair of ſhoes, the property of Mr. Fairbrother; Mary Cartwright, and Mary Hunt, charged with ſtealing two ſhirts, the property of Mr. Hilton, of Salford, were acquitted.

The five companies raiſing in this county, by Sir Thomas Egerton, Bart. whom his Majeſty has appointed Lieutenant Colonel Commandant, fills up with the greateſt rapidity imaginable; the ſpirit and indignation of the people is roufed at the perfidy and inſolence of our common enemies, and a ſenſe of national revenge for the inſults offered to to the Britiſh crown, by the falſe and inſiduous courts of France and Spain, ſeems to animate every individual. Between two and three hundred ſtout and active men have voluntarily enliſted themſelves in little more than a fortnight, and ſeveral gentlemen of conſiderable fortune in this town and neighbourhood, influenced by the ſame patriotic ſpirit with the worthy commander, have been pleaſed to accept of commiſſions

DEATH.] Mrs. Bower, relict of the late Mr. Miles Bower, of this town.

LIVERPOOL.

Wedneſday, Auguſt 4.

The Rev. William Hunter, is appointed, by the corporation, firſt miniſter of St. Paul's, in the room of the late Dr. Henderſon; and the Rev. Mr. Barton is appointed in the room of Mr. Hunter.

Whatever the London Patriots may think, their late conduct will ever be reprobated by every friend to his country. What a contraſt between their behaviour

and

and the corporation of Liverpool, who have offered a reward of ten guineas to every able-bodied ſeaman, and five to every ordinaay ſeaman, who ſhall enter into his Majeſty's ſervice.

MARRIED.] At Oldham, Thomas Horton, Eſq; ſecond ſon of the late Sir William Horton, Bart to the Hon. Miſs Stanley, eldeſt daughter of the late Lord Strange, and ſiſter to the Earl of Derby.

DEATHS.] Rev. John Henderſon, D. D. one of the miniſters of St. Paul's church. Mr. Sidebottom, in Paradiſe Street. Mrs. Fletcher, wife of Mr. Jacob Fletcher, in Duke-ſtreet. Mrs. Falkner, wife of Thomas Falkner, Eſq; Mr. Finglaſs, ſtaymaker.

SHIP NEWS, &c.

On Wedneſday, July 14th, was launched from Mr. Fiſher's Yard, a fine 44 gun ſhip, for the Roval Navy, called the Ulyſſes, the command of which is given to Thomas Damareſque, Eſq; and ſhe is fitting out with all expedition.

The Sarah, Hooton, from hence on a cruize in the Weſt Indies, is loſt at Anguilla.

The Nanny, Beynon, from hence to Oporto, on the 20th ult. off Cape Finiſtere, fell in with the General Arnold privateer, ——— Brown, maſter, of 18 ſix-pounders and 100 men, when, after an engagement of two hours, Captain Beynon was obliged to ſtrike, the ſhip having received great damage, and had upwards of ſeven feet water in her. They were under the neceſſity of quitting her, upon which ſhe immediately went down with one man in her, the reſt of the crew got ſafe on board the privateer, who landed them at Cadiz.

The Hope, Ainſworth, for Jamaica, is taken by the Monſieur, a French frigate.

The Richard, Captain Lee, is arrived here from Tortola, and brought in with her a large ſchooner, which ſhe took in her paſſage, loaden with ſugar, cotton, coffee, molaſſes, &c. bound from Guadaloupe to America.

The Friendſhip, Fiſher, from hence for Jamaica, has taken a prize loaden with rice and indigo, &c. from Charles Town, South Carolina.

The Amazon, Whytell, is returned here from a cruize, and brought in with her a Partugueze brig, bound from Liſbon to Havre de Grace.

The Townſide, Watmough, is retaken by the Sybil man of war, and carried into Newfoundland.

The Alert, Capt. Chapman, is returned to this port from an unſucceſsful cruize.

Arrived from Greenland the Triton, Sheen, with 8 fiſh, and the Seacome, Pagan, with 7 fiſh; alſo the Golden Lion, Thompſon, with 5 fiſh, and the Unicorn 3 fiſh.

Capt. Wilſon, late of the ſhip Knight, arrived here laſt Saturday ſen'night, having been taken the 10th June, by the La Gentelle, a French frigate, commanded by Monſ. De la Hage, of 32 guns, after an engagement of 52 minutes, when one man was killed and ſix wounded, was carried into Corunna. When they quitted the Knight, ſhe had 7 feet, 9 inches water in her hold, and ſunk in about an hour after. Captain Wilſon got from Corunna to Oporto, and from thence in a ſchooner bound to London: In the paſſage, July 15, they were boarded by a French frigate, 12 leagues N. N. W. from Finiſtere, called La Tallant, commanded by Le Baron de Rochfort; and the ſame day they were boarded by a 74 gun ſhip belonging to the Spaniſh ſquadron, then in ſight of the French fleet, which conſiſted of 28 ſail of the line, beſides frigates, tenders, and fire ſhips; the Spaniards conſiſted of 8 ſail of the line, 3 frigates, and a fire ſhip, making 50 ſail in the whole, out of which there are 36 of the line, and expected to be joined by 12 ſail more of the line, from Cadiz; the Spaniſh fleet was ſhort manned, the French fleet had ſufficient in number, but on the whole very bad. Captain Wilſon was landed near the Start, the 21ſt inſtant.

The Charming Kitty privateer, of this port, Capt. Williams, has ſent in here a Spaniſh brig, laden with dollars and proviſions, and was left in chace of a large ſhip.